

NO.5
DEC.
10¢

STARS and STRIPES

COMICS



Pepper Van
AND *Whitey*
IN ANOTHER SIZZ-
LING, STARTLING,
SMASHING ADVEN-
TURE-!!

MYRON
STRAUSS



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

The STARS and STRIPES

"MYRON STRAUSS"

WANTED BY THE AUTHORITIES FOR RETURN TO A CONCENTRATION CAMP IN A DICTATOR NATION WHERE THEY DID NOT COMMIT FOR CRIMES THEY WERE FRAMED. THREE YOUNG AMERICANS HAVE PAINT ED THEIR PRISON SUITS RED, WHITE, AND BLUE AND BECAME KNOWN AS STRIPES! THESE THREE MEN ARE IN THAT HARD-FIGHTING, THREE MAN ARMY OF PATRIOTS THE STARS AND STRIPES! THESE THREE MEN ARE IN REALITY, PATRICK J. O'HENRY, EX-NEWS PAPER CORRESPONDENT NICKNAMED PEPPER; BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ALLEN, ONE TIME DIPLOMATIC AIDE NOW AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN AS WHITEY; AND VANCE STIVESANT, III, WEALTHY PLAYBOY KNOWN AS VAN!

COGNITO AS TOURISTS, PEPPER, VAN AND WHITEY ARE STAYING AT MOON VALLEY THAT FABULOUS MIDWESTERN WINTER RESORT!!

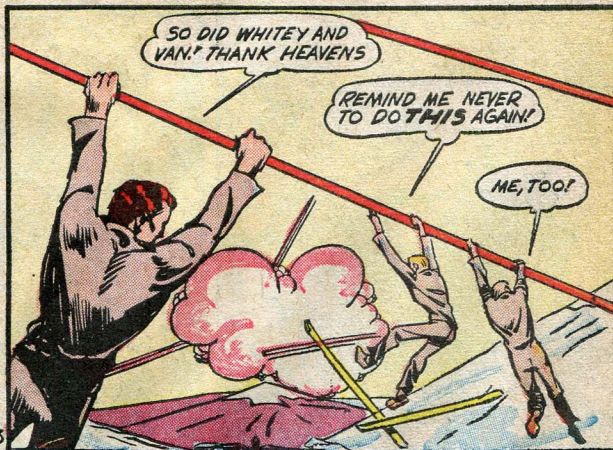
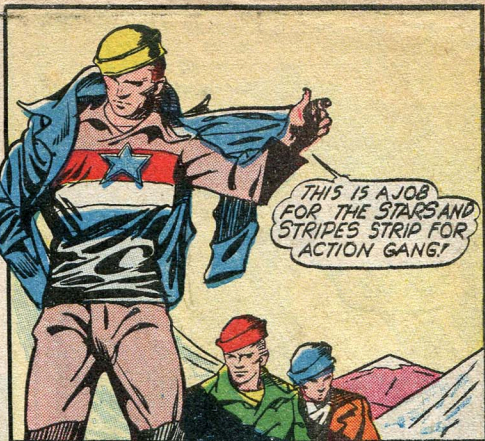
WHAT A SWELL VACATION THIS IS GOING TO BE, WITH ALL THE WINTER SPORTS AND...

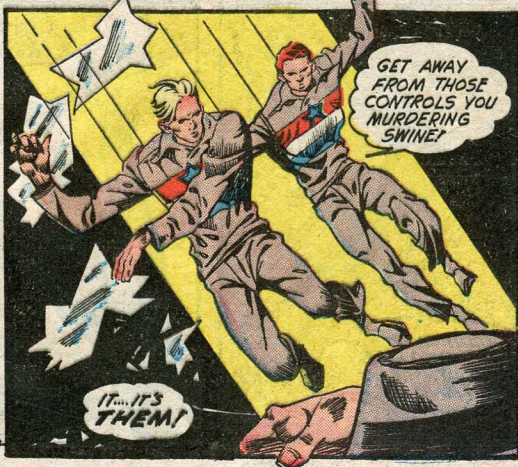
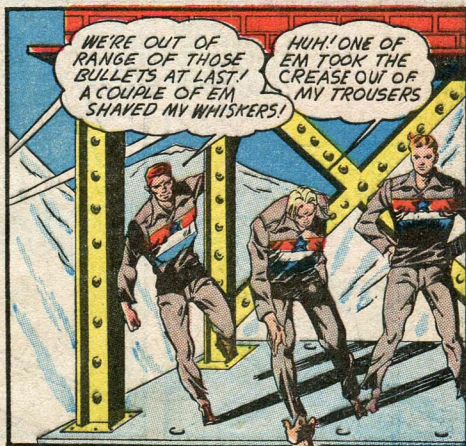
HOLD ON, PEPPER DON'T FORGET WE'RE COMBINING BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE HERE!

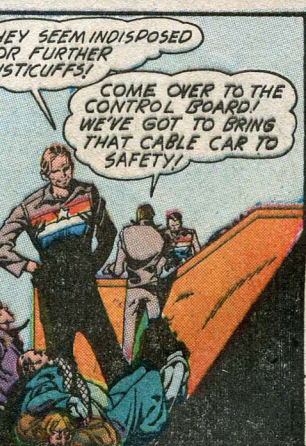
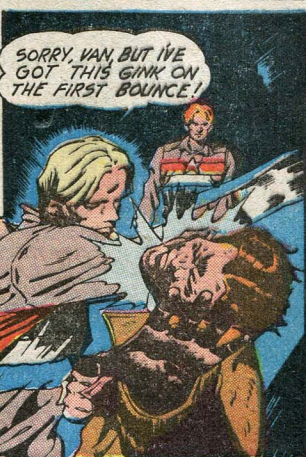
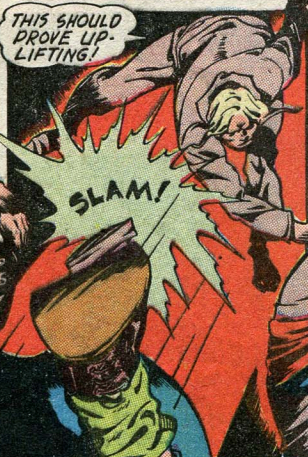
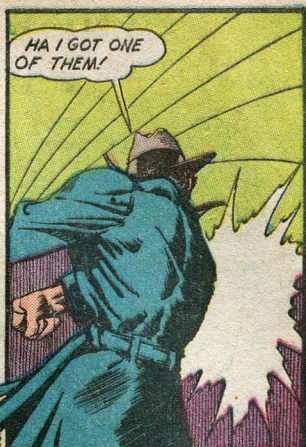
WHITEY'S RIGHT, PEPPER! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE NOTHING HAPPENS TO ALL THOSE IMPORTANT HEADS OF THE DEFENSE PROGRAM WHO ARE HOLDING A SECRET CONVENTION O.K. FELLOWS HERE!

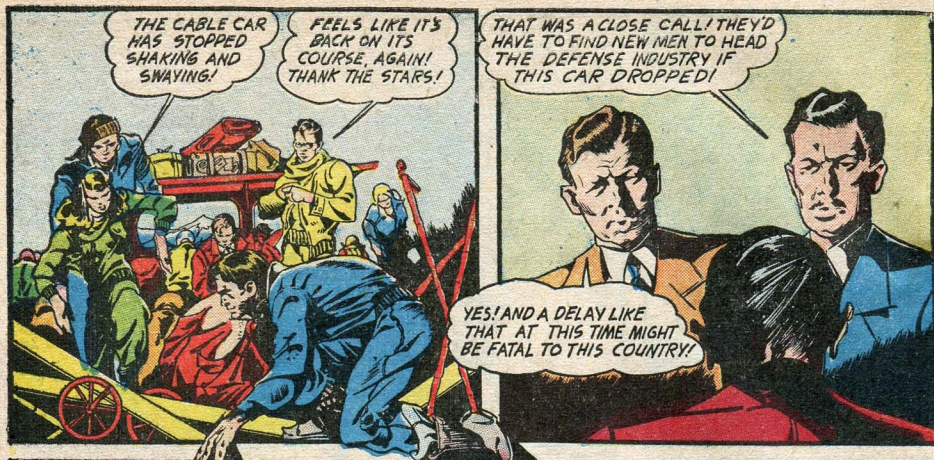
MY MISTAKE BUT IT'S FUN TOO!

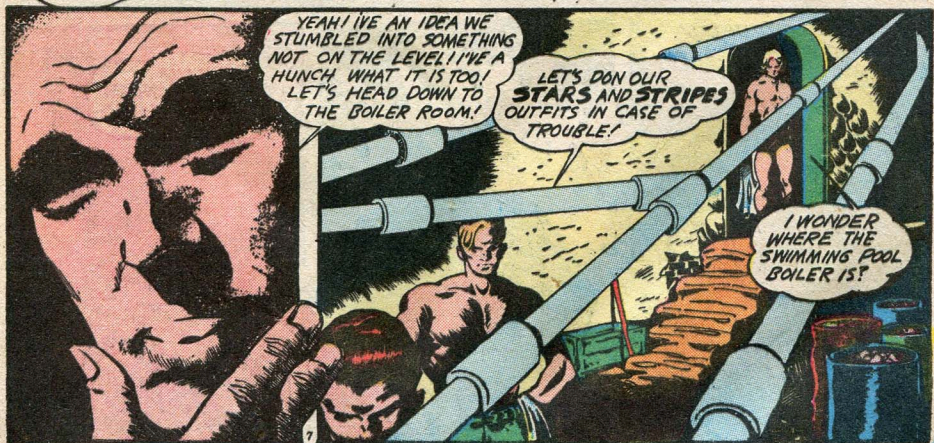
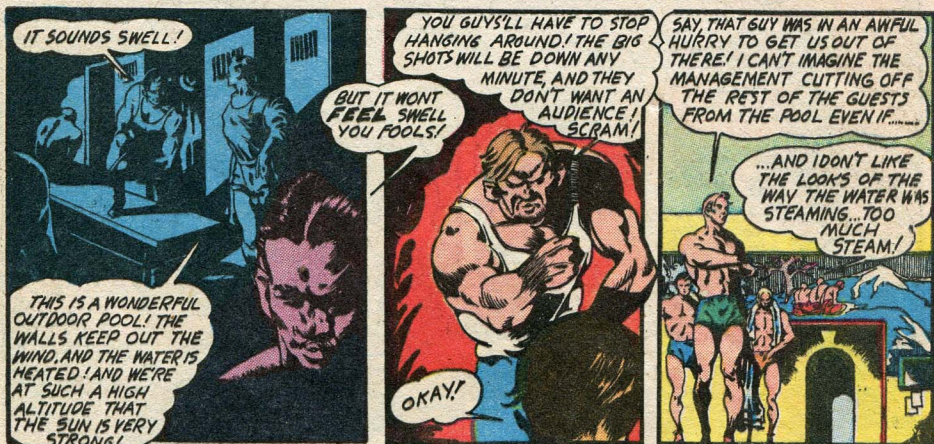
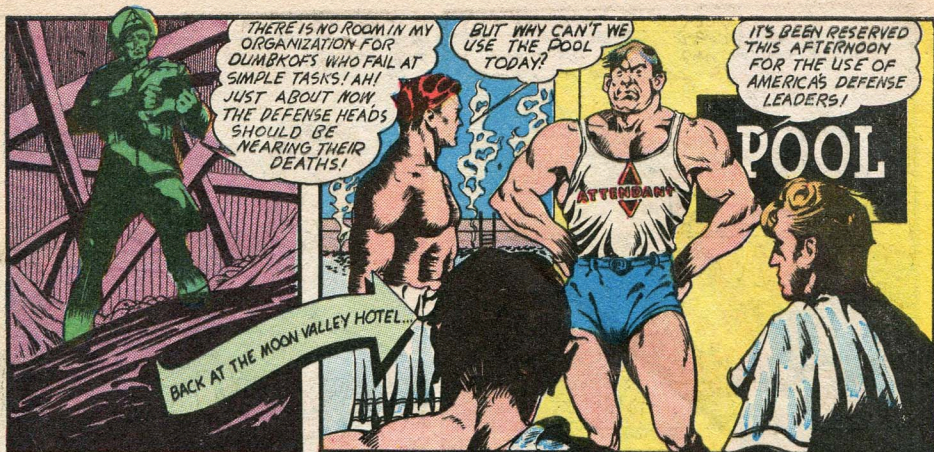


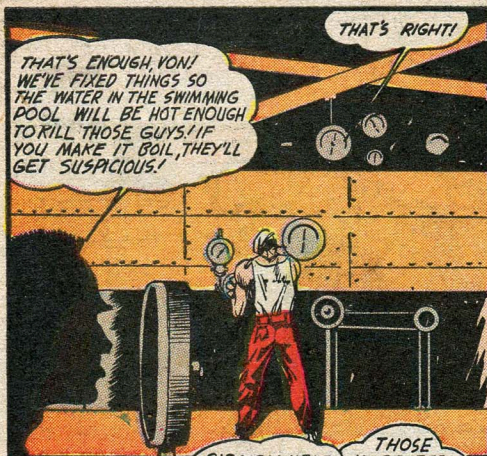












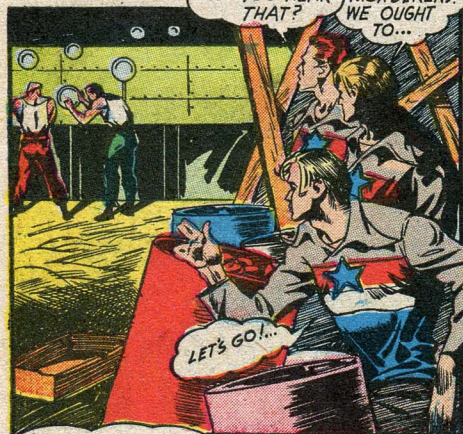
THAT'S ENOUGH, VON!
WE'VE FIXED THINGS SO
THE WATER IN THE SWIMMING
POOL WILL BE HOT ENOUGH
TO KILL THOSE GUYS! IF
YOU MAKE IT BOIL, THEY'LL
GET SUSPICIOUS!

THAT'S RIGHT!



I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO SEE
THE EXPRESSIONS ON THOSE
DEFENSE BIG SHOTS WHEN
THEY HIT THAT SWIMMING
POOL OF SCALDING
WATER!

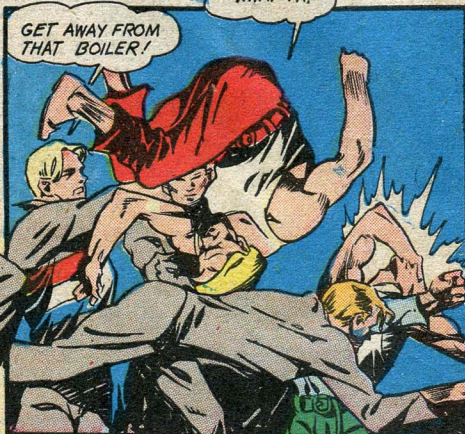
YEAH!



DID YOU HEAR
THAT?

THOSE
MURDERERS!
WE OUGHT
TO...

LET'S GO!...



GET AWAY FROM
THAT BOILER!

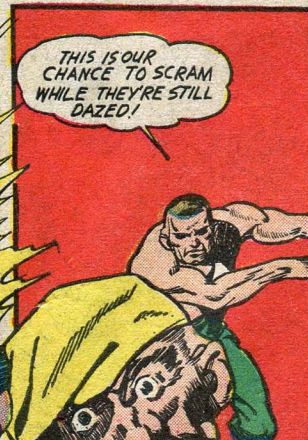
WHAT TH!



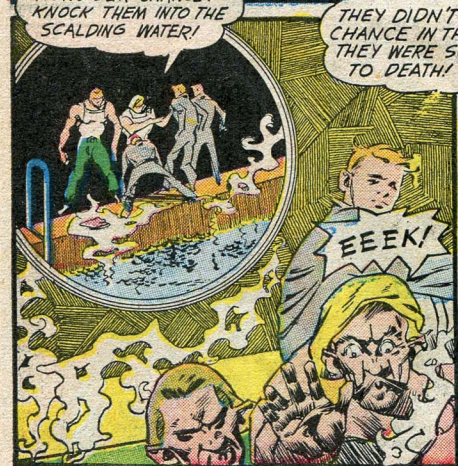
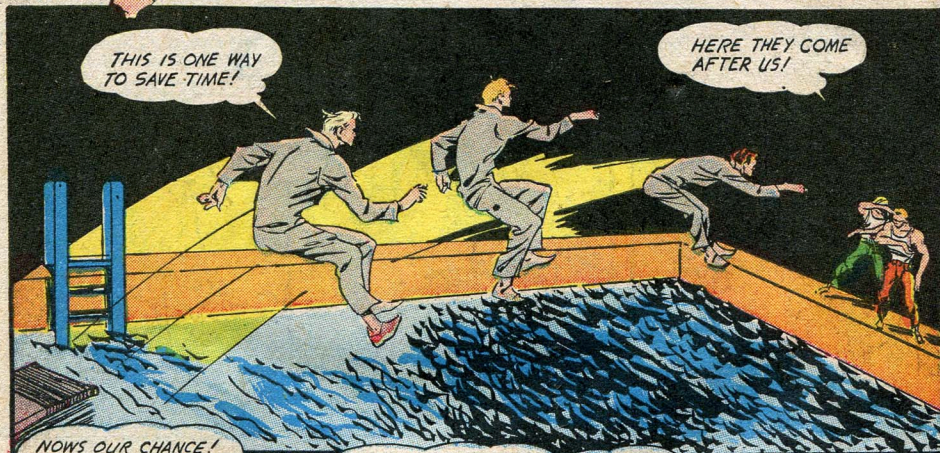
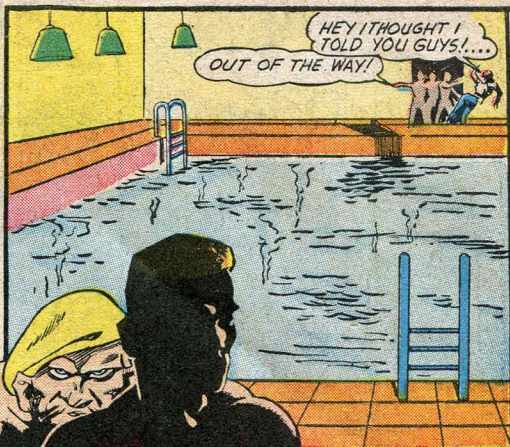
HAVE NO MERCY ON
THEM! THEY SHOWED
NONE!

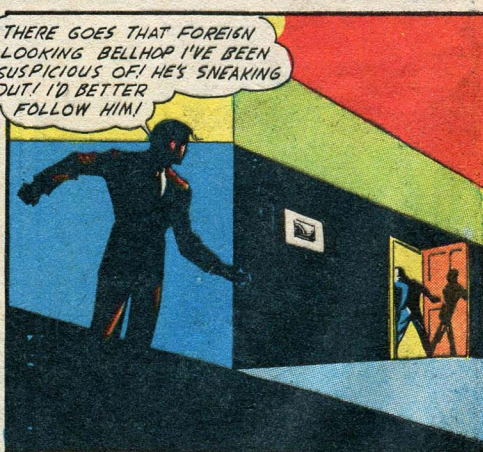
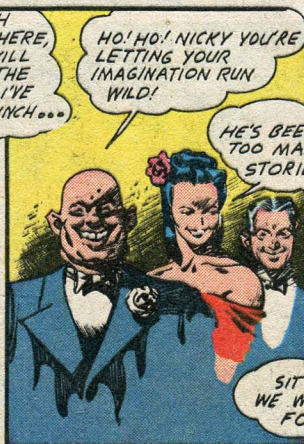
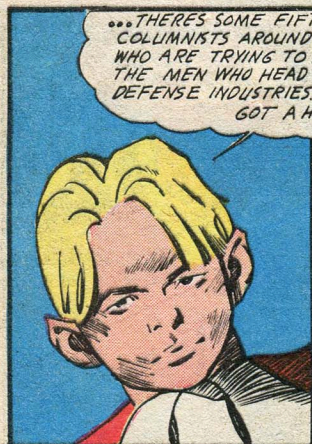
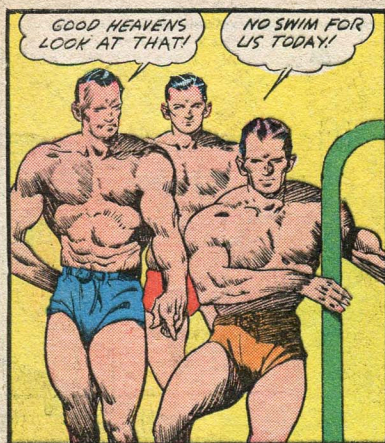
HAALP!

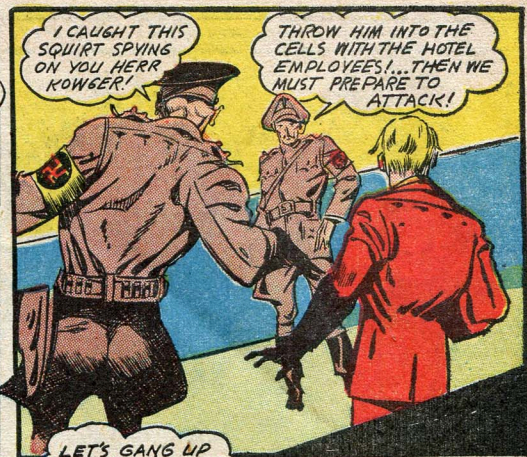
CRASH!



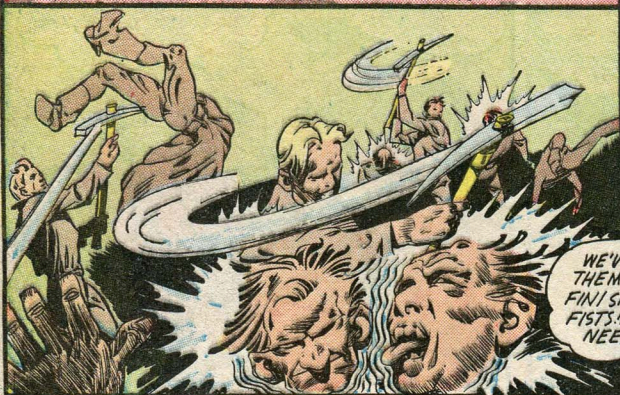
THIS IS OUR
CHANCE TO SCRAM
WHILE THEY'RE STILL
DAZED!







THE SUDDEN SAVAGENESS OF THE STARS AND STRIPES' ATTACK, CATCHES THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS FLATFOOTED!...



WE'VE WHITTLED THEM DOWN ENOUGH TO FINISH 'EM WITH OUR FISTS! OH OH! WHITEY NEEDS HELP!



ONE STRIKE, AND YOU'RE OUT!



ALLEY OOP!

KAMERAD!



TALK TRAITOR! TELL US WHERE YOUR HEAD-QUARTERS ARE OR I'LL CHOKE THE LIFE OUT OF YOU!

ULK! IN... IN THE MINE SHAFT!

THE GUESTS JOIN THE BATTLE AND KOWSER AND HIS MEN ARE DOWNED



WOW! THE STARS N' STRIPES! THEY FELLOWS! THESE PRISONERS ARE THE HOTEL EMPLOYEES! SET US FREE!

SO THIS IS WHERE KOWSER AND THE OTHERS WERE HANGING OUT!



GOSH I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU FELLOWS IN PERSON! WILL YOU SIGN MY AUTOGRAPH BOOK?


SURE THING NICKY!



NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SIGNING MY AUTOGRAPH FOR A MOVIE STAR!

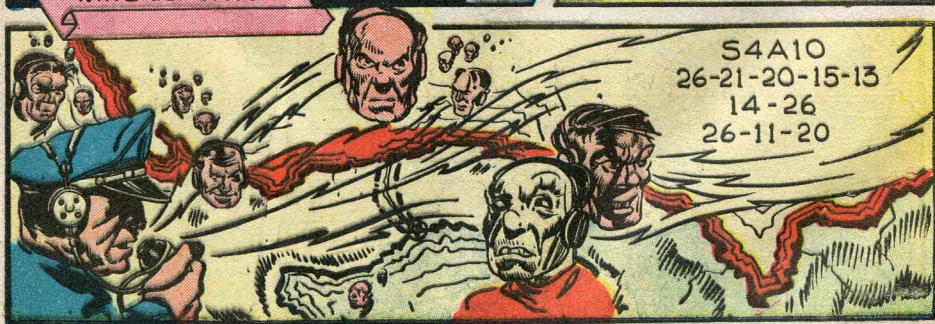
FIGHT FOR AMERICA WITH THE STARS AND STRIPES IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

THE SHARK



THE SHARK IS AN AMAZING UNDER SEA CREATURE WITH WEBBED HANDS AND FEET, ENDOWED WITH ENORMOUS STRENGTH AND POSSESSED OF A SUPER TELEVISION SET. FATHER NEPTUNE, 'POP' IS THE SHARKS FATHER

**Lew
Glanz**



GET DE BOYS TOGETHER
AND LET'S GET GOING!

A SMALL BAND OF HARD,
BITTER FACED MEN BEGIN TO
CROWD ABOUT THE CANAL
GATE...

GET THAT GUY STANDING
OVER THERE, FIRST!



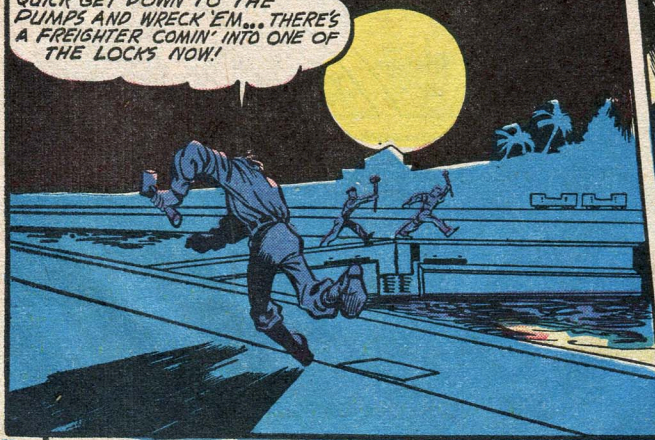
THEN AS IF BY A SILENT SIGNAL
THE HOLLOW THUMPING OF MANY
FEET THUNDER ALONG THE
WOODEN WARFS THRU THE
CANAL GATE, AND PAST THE
PITIFUL FIGURE OF THE
DYING GUARD....



ANOTHER MUFFLED REPORT AS
THE MURDERERS AGAIN LEAVE A
DYING GUARD BEHIND!...



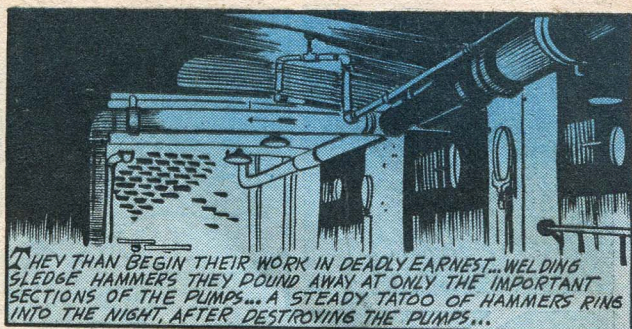
QUICK GET DOWN TO THE
PUMPS AND WRECK 'EM...THERE'S
A FREIGHTER COMIN' INTO ONE OF
THE LOCKS NOW!



MAKE IT SNAPPY!



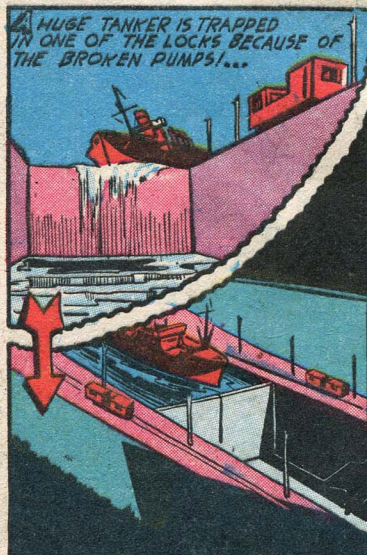
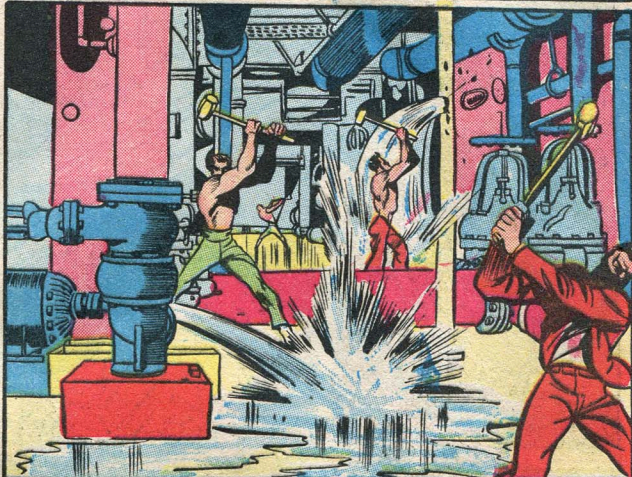
OVERPOWERING THE GUARDS...



THEY THEN BEGIN THEIR WORK IN DEADLY EARNEST... WELDING SLEDGE HAMMERS THEY POUND AWAY AT ONLY THE IMPORTANT SECTIONS OF THE PUMPS... A STEADY TATTOO OF HAMMERS RINGS INTO THE NIGHT, AFTER DESTROYING THE PUMPS...

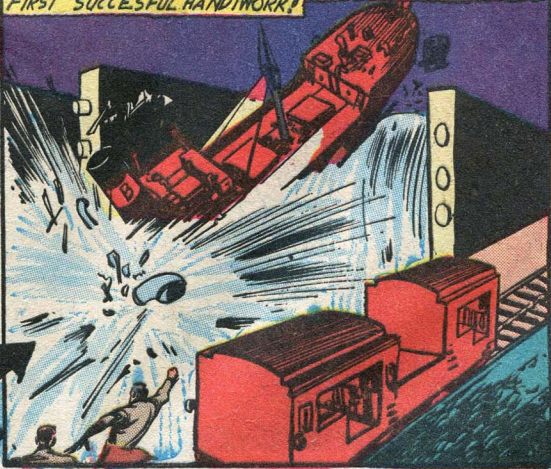


THE MEN LEAVE AS SILENTLY AS THEY CAME, LEAVING THE DEAD OR DYING GUARDS TO THEIR FATE... A WATERY DEATH!



A HUGE TANKER IS TRAPPED IN ONE OF THE LOCKS BECAUSE OF THE BROKEN PUMPS!

ONE LOCK FILLS UP WHILE THE OTHER EMPTIES... THEN THE PRESSURE CAUSES THE GATES TO SNAP OPEN, WITH A RESOUNDING SMASH THE TANKER CRASHES INTO THE NEXT LOCK, AS THE GANGSTERS WATCH THEIR FIRST SUCCESSFUL HANDIWORK!



WELL, AT WAS FINE WOIK EH!
BOYS!!! HAW! HAW! BUT WAIT'LL
THA' AIRCRAFT CARRIER COMES!

BUT TWO POWERFUL FIGURES
WATCH THE **SHARK** AND
FATHER NEPTUNE. A SUDDEN
SPARK IN THEIR EYES AS
THEY THINK OF THE FIGHT
AHEAD! THEN THE SPARK
IS GONE AS THEY THINK
OF THE GANGSTERS
RUTHLESSNESS!...

OUT OF THE WATER ZIPS THE
TWO FIGURES INTENT UPON
DESTROYING THIS MENACE!

UP AND AT 'EM
POP!

RIGHT BEHIND
YOU SON!

THE **SHARK**!



ALL BUT ONE SUFFERS THE DEADLY BLOWS...

SPILL!

WHEN THE SHARK APPEARS AT 72'ND ST.

WE DON'T KNOW NUTTIN WE GET ORDERS FROM A LITTLE GUY ON 607-72'ND STREET!

WHAT DA!

GOOD MORNIN' MISTER SHARK! I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR YA!

WHAT'S THIS WHO'S THIS LITTLE MAN?

I'LL TAKE THESE BUMS TO THE MILITARY POLICE, WHILE YOU GO AFTER THEIR LEADER! I DON'T THINK YOU'LL NEED ANY HELP!

I'M READY FOR YOU!

THE LITTLE FELLOW DASHES PAST THE SHARK AS IF ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE!

BUT HE SEIZES A HARMLESS LOOKING BOTTLE AND...

HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YA!

I'M BLIND! THAT STUFF MUST'VE BEEN ACID!

HEH! HEH! HEH!

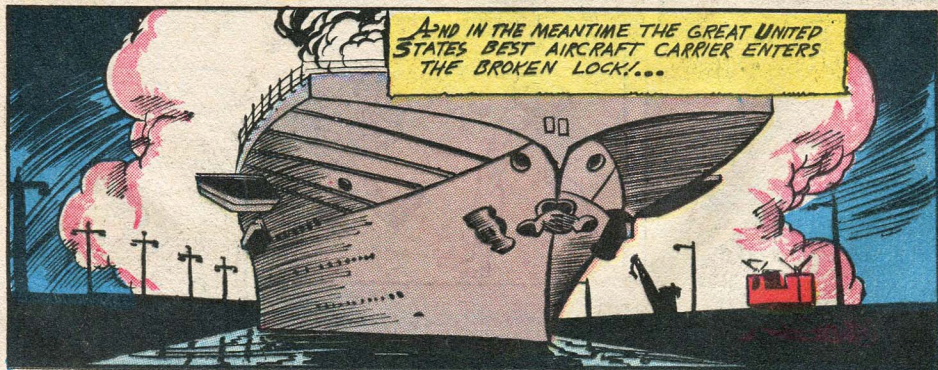
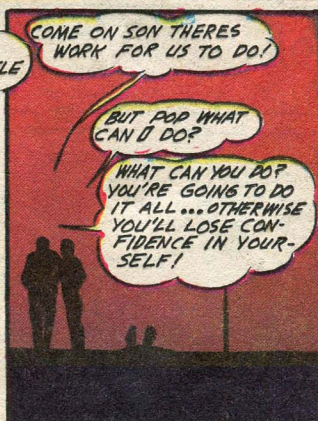
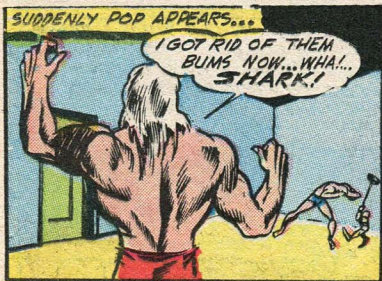
I'M BLIND BLIND! OH!

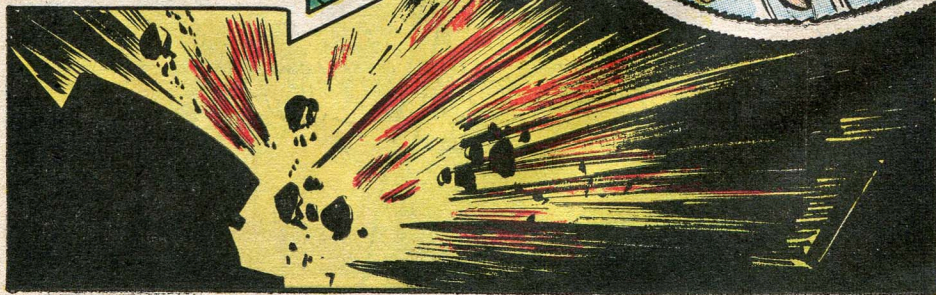
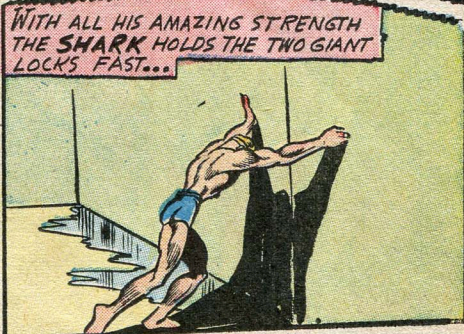
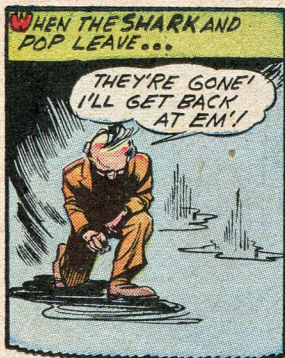
HE! YES! HEH!

THE SHARK TRIES HELPLESSLY TO WARD OFF THE DEADLY BLOWS...

YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU WOULD HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH A LITTLE MAN LIKE ME, EH! HEH! HEH!

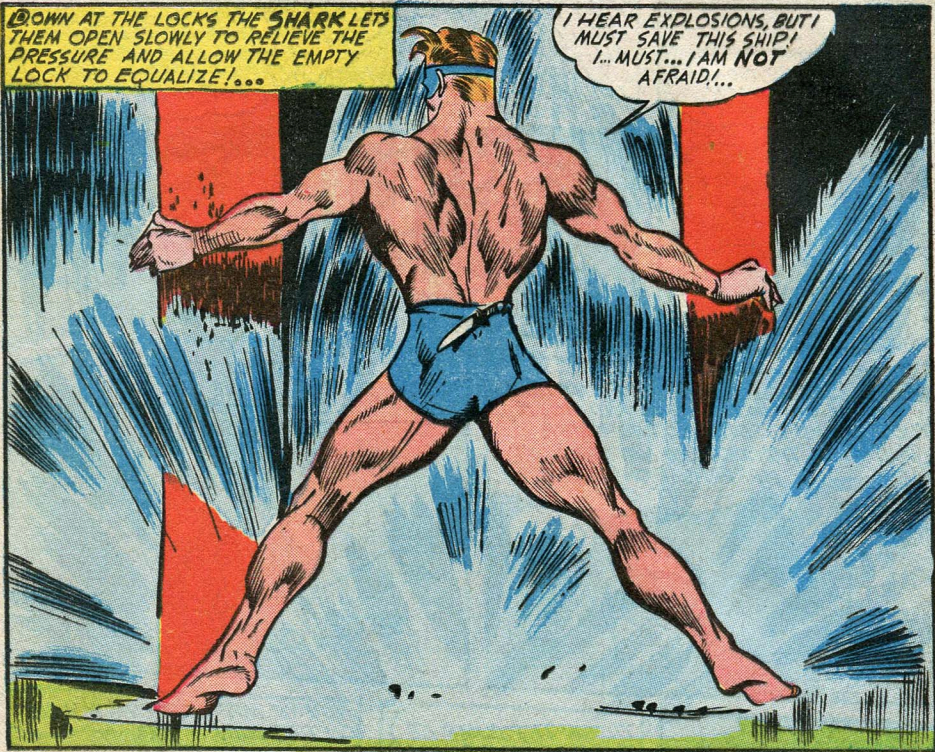
THE LITTLE IMP DANCES AROUND THE HELPLESS SHARK POUNDING UNMERCIFULLY...



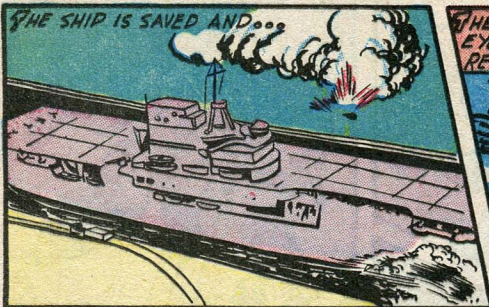


DOWN AT THE LOCKS THE SHARK LETS THEM OPEN SLOWLY TO RELIEVE THE PRESSURE AND ALLOW THE EMPTY LOCK TO EQUALIZE!...

I HEAR EXPLOSIONS, BUT I MUST SAVE THIS SHIP! I... MUST... I AM NOT AFRAID!...



THE SHIP IS SAVED AND...



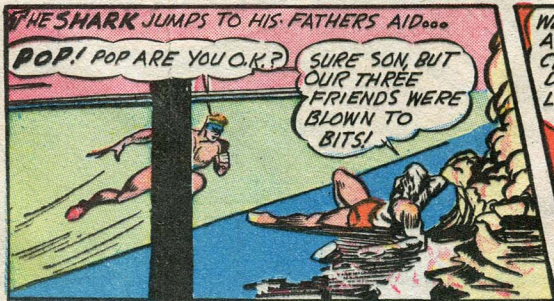
THE ONRUSHING WATER WASHED THE SHARK'S EYES CLEAN OF THE ACID... HIS SIGHT IS RESTORED.



THE SHARK JUMPS TO HIS FATHERS AID...

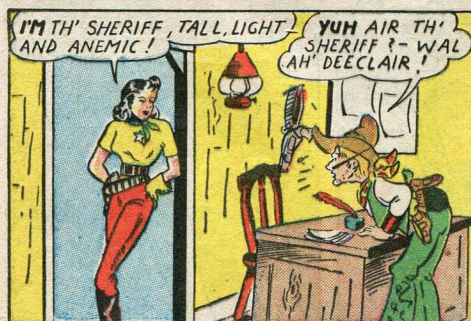
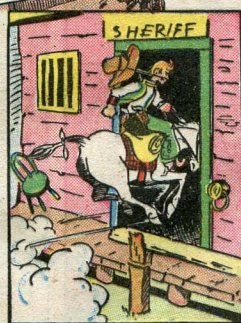
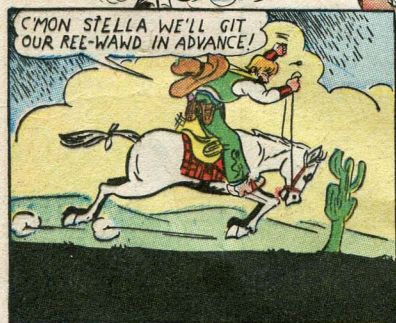
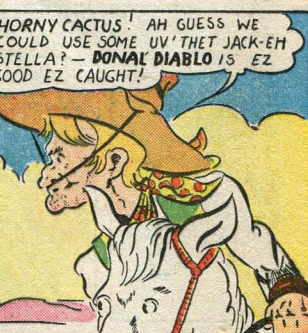
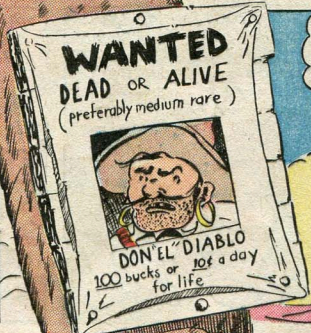
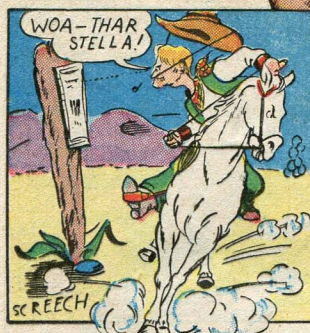
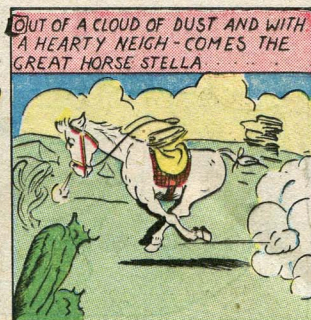
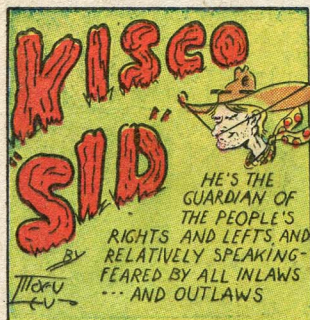
POP! POP ARE YOU O.K.?

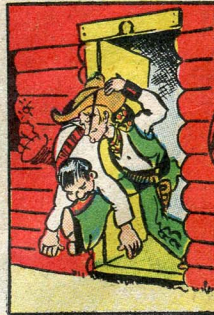
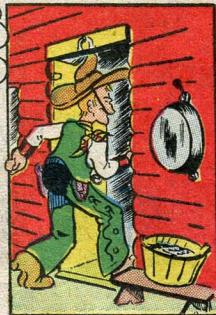
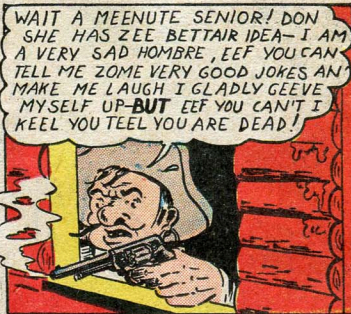
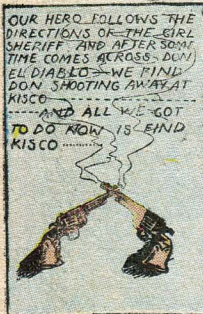
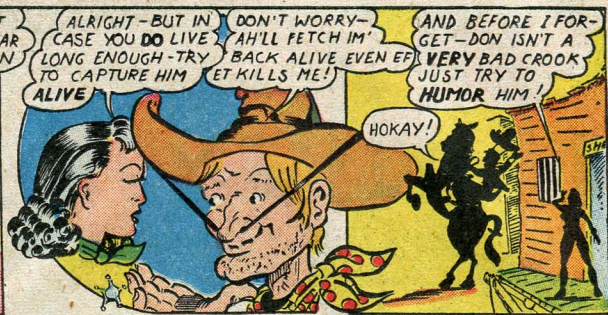
SURE SON, BUT OUR THREE FRIENDS WERE BLOWN TO BITS!



WELL POP NOW THAT WE'RE BOTH O.K. AND THE CANAL IS SAFE, PLUS THE CROOKS BEING CAPTURED OR DEAD, I GUESS WE'RE FINISHED EH! LET'S GO!







MINIMIDGET



IN THE KINGDOM OF CORAN, KING MUNG THE TERROR, IS IN A WICKED MOOD HE DEMANDS TO BE AMUSED. MINIMIDGET AND RITTY GIVE HIM ALL THE AMUSEMENT HE WANTS AND MORE.

John F. Kolb

IN THE PALACE

I SAID I WANT TO BE AMUSED NOT BORED!



HE'S TERRIBLE! BEAT HIM AND THROW HIM INTO THE DUNGEONS.

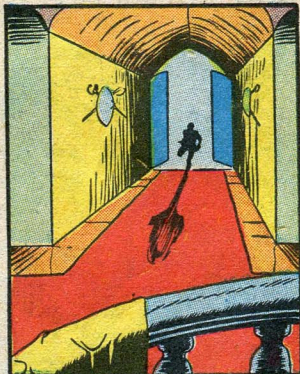
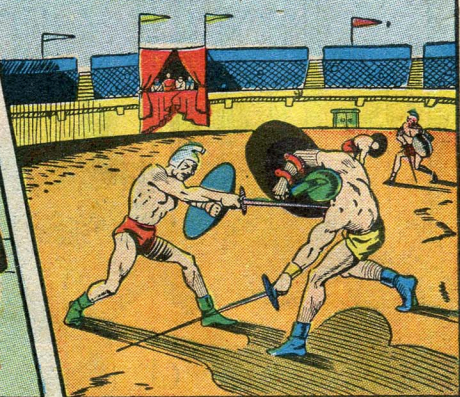
NO! NO!



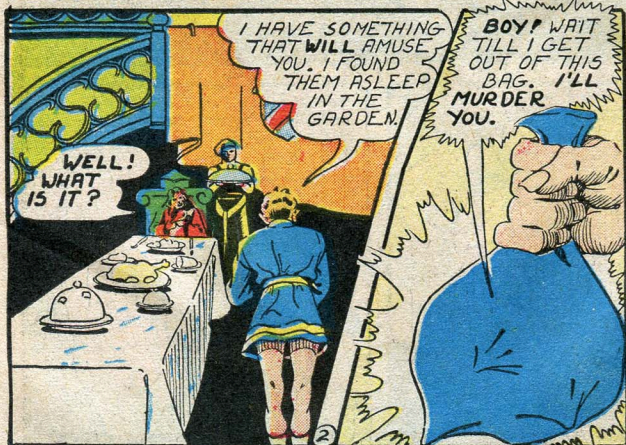
THE NEXT ENTERTAINER MET A WORSE FATE.



LATER—THE KING SAT THROUGH A LOT OF BLOODY BATTLES AT THE ARENA.

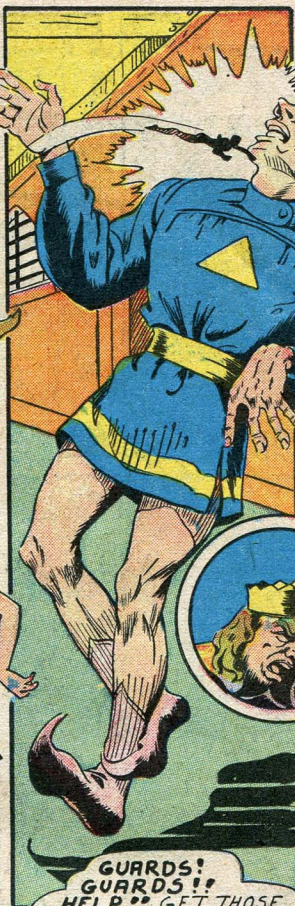


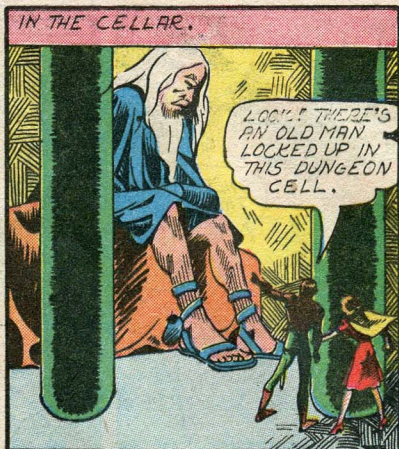
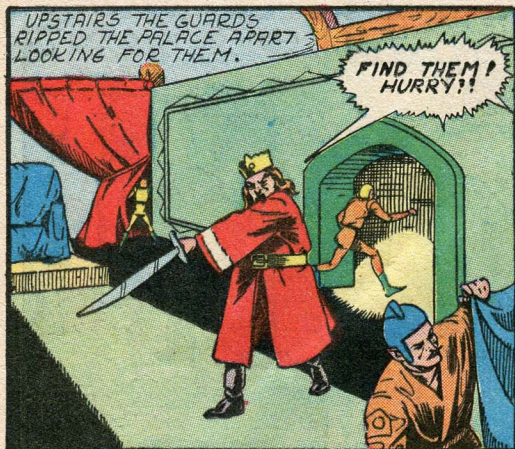
THE NEXT DAY A SERVANT RUSHES INTO THE PALACE—A DIRTY BAG IN HIS HAND.

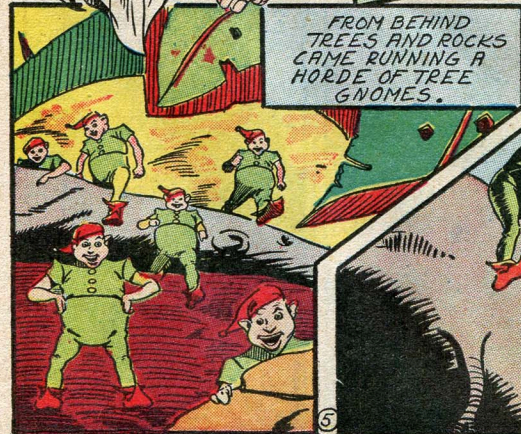
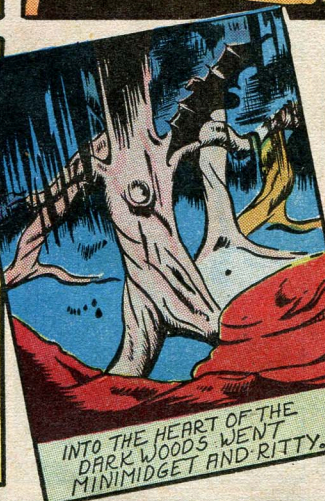
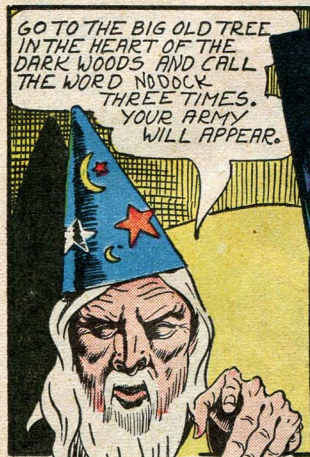
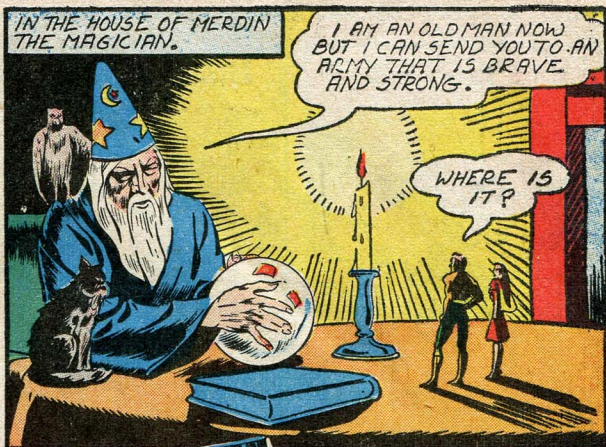


THE BAG WAS OPENED AND OUT FELL MINIMIDGET AND RITTY.









IN THE CASTLE

OB, YOU TAKE SOME OF THE MEN AND FREE KING REX. HE IS IN A DUNGEON CELL. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF KING MUNG AND HIS VILLAINOUS MEN.



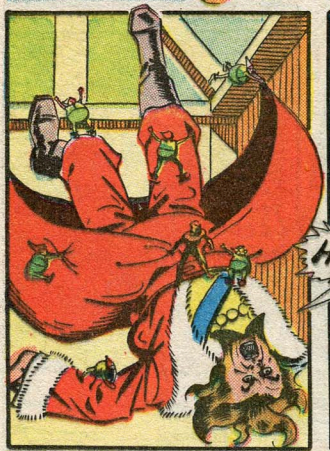
WHAT'S THIS? GO AWAY! HELP!! GUARDS!!



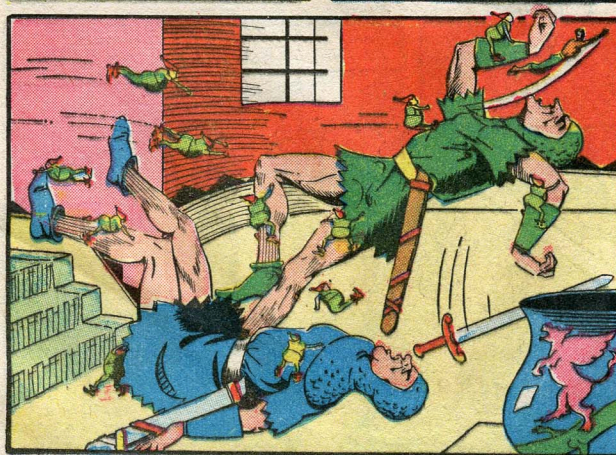
KING MUNG STARTED TO RUN—BUT—



HERE COMES THE GUARDS! CHARGE!!



HELP!



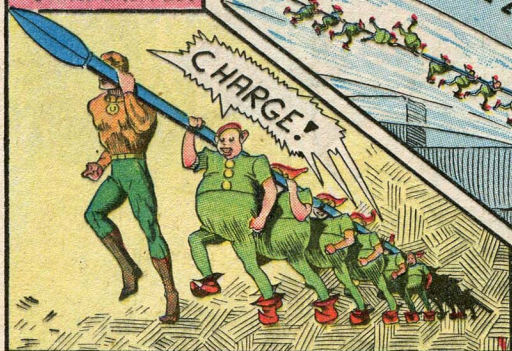
THE GUARDS WERE LAID OUT IN SHORT ORDER.



THAT DIDN'T TAKE VERY LONG. SAY! WHERE IS KING MUNG?

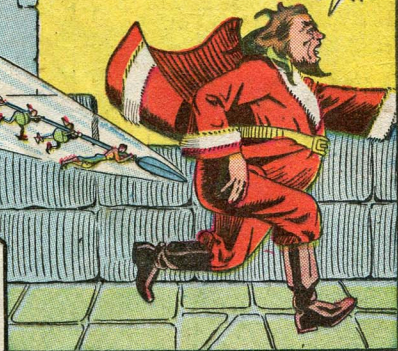
THERE HE GOES!

A DOZEN GNOMES WITH MINIMIDGET LEADING PICKED UP A SPEAR THAT A GUARD DROPPED.

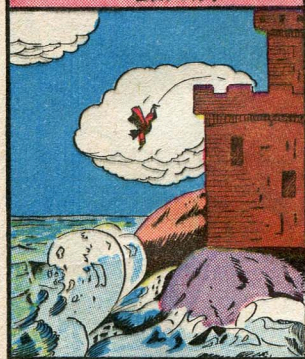


YIPEEEEEE

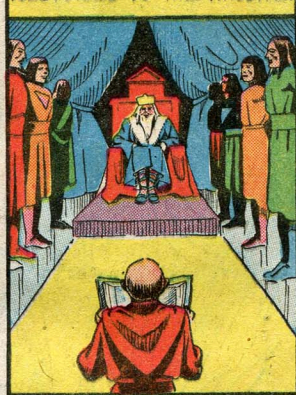
NO!
DON'T!!



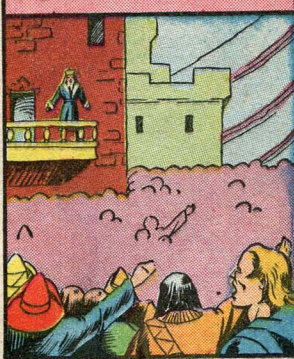
IN TERROR, KING MUNG LEAPED OFF THE CASTLE TO HIS DEATH ON THE ROCKS BELOW.



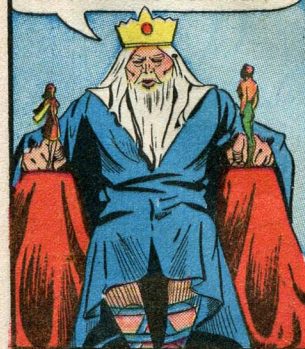
KING REX IS RESTORED TO THE THRONE.



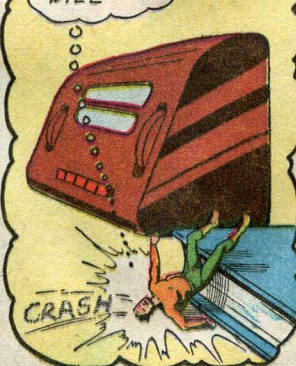
THE PEOPLE CHEERED WHEN THEY HEARD THAT THE GOOD KING REX WAS ON THE THRONE AGAIN.



MINIMIDGET AND RITTY THIS IS YOUR HOME FOREVER IF YOU WISH. YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING YOU DESIRE.



THANKS WE WILL---



WHAT HAPPENED? WHO? WHY???



YOU FELL ASLEEP LISTENING TO THE RADIO. I GUESS YOU WERE DREAMING.

YEAH?

MINIMIDGET APPEARS AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

The



THE U.S.S. WEAVER SAYS -
FOR AT LEAST ONE
TOMITE BERNICION SKULL
WITH THE IRON SKULL
AND ON BOARD

TWO NAZI SPIES INTER-
CEPT THE MESSAGE...
CONTACT OUR RAIDER!
THE WEAVER MUST
BE SUNK!

TWO BOMBERS TAKE OFF
FROM THE NAZI RAIDER.

The

By
Sam Gilman

OIL

THE U.S.S. WEAVER SAILS
TONITE FOR ATLANTA-
WITH BERNICE WILD
AND THE IRON SKULL
ON BOARD

TWO BOMBERS TAKE OFF
FROM THE NAZI RAIDER.

IN A FLASH THE SKULL
ZOOMS UPWARDS IN THE
DIRECTION OF THE BOMBS

FALLING AWAY FROM THE BOMBS
AS HE CATCHES THEM, THE SKULL
RENDERS THEM HARMLESS

THE ENEMY PLANES LET
DROP THEIR CARGO OF DEATH

NOW FOR
THOSE
PLANES!

DUMKOPF- YOU ARE
SHOT! - VY DON'T
YOU DIE?!

THE STARTLED ENEMY
PILOTS OPEN FIRE AT
THE APPROACHING SKULL

DUNNERVETTER!
VE CAN'T KILL
HIM! VASS ISS?

IN THE FACE OF THE WITHERING FIRE
FROM THE PLANES, THE SKULL CRASHES
HEAD ON INTO THE NEAREST ONE...

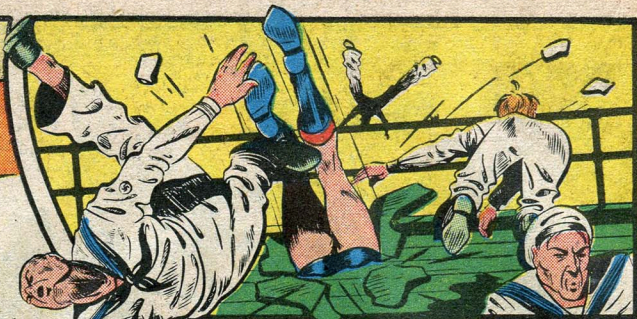
WELL WELL - OF ALL
PEOPLE TO BUMP
INTO... HEIL-LO!

SMASHING THE FIRST PLANE,
THE SKULL DIVES RELENTLESSLY
AFTER THE OTHER...

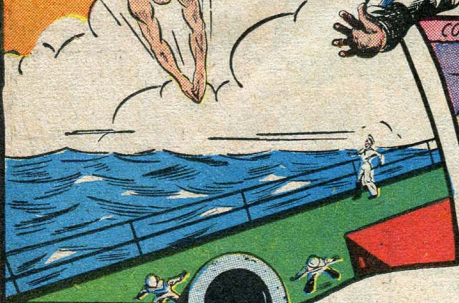
AND DIVES RIGHT THRU THE MIDDLE OF THE SHIP....

45

FINISHING OFF THE TWO PLANES, THE SKULL GOES INTO A POWER DIVE AND HEADS FOR THE RAIDER...



CONTINUING UNDER WATER, THE SKULL SMASHES THE PROP.

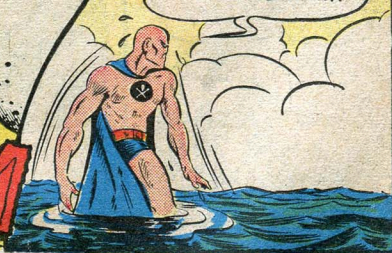


FIRE!

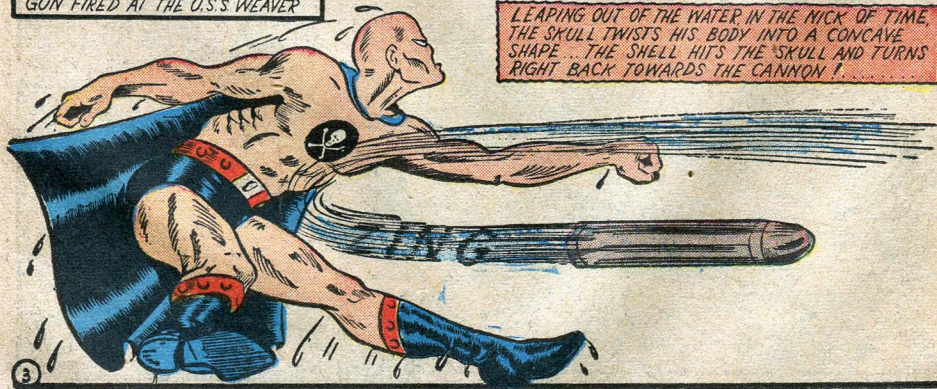
ON THE ISLAND OF ATLANTA, THE COMMANDER ORDERS THE BIG GUN FIRED AT THE U.S.S. WEAVER

BOOM

THAT SHELL!
IT'S HEADING FOR
THE U.S.S. WEAVER!!

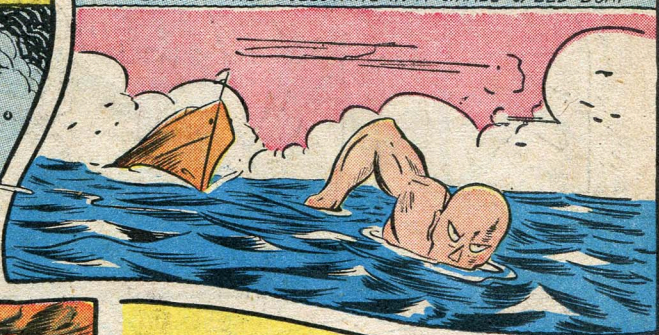
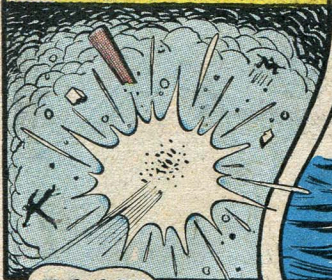


LEAPING OUT OF THE WATER IN THE NICK OF TIME, THE SKULL TWISTS HIS BODY INTO A CONCAVE SHAPE. THE SHELL HITS THE SKULL AND TURNS RIGHT BACK TOWARDS THE CANNON!



THE SHELL SPEEDS RIGHT BACK TO ITS STARTING POINT AND...

THE IRON SKULL THEN SWIMS OFF TO THE SHORE...
BERNICE WILD FOLLOWING IN A SMALL SPEED-BOAT...

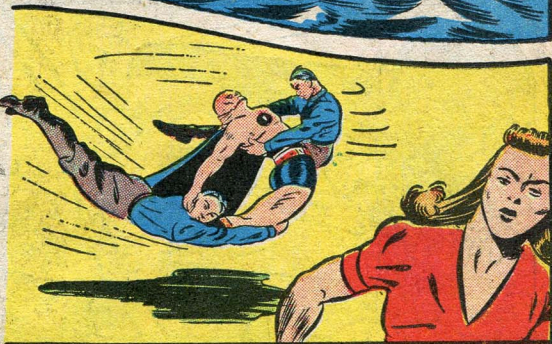


THIS IS THE
ENTRANCE -
WE MUST
BE QUIET!

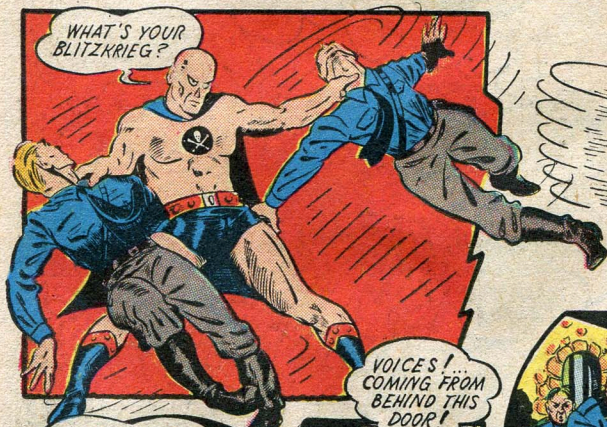


PSST-HOLZE
VE HAVE
UNINVITED
GUESTS!

ON THE ISLAND, BERNICE LEADS THE
SKULL TO THE SECRET ENTRANCE OF
THE UNDERGROUND NAZI FORTRESS



WHAT'S YOUR
BLITZKRIEG?



HEILP!



YOU WAIT HERE
WHILE I TAKE A
LOOK AROUND
INSIDE...

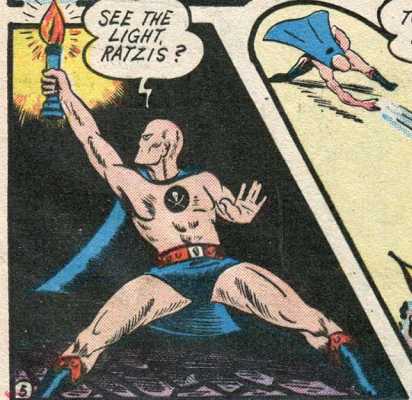
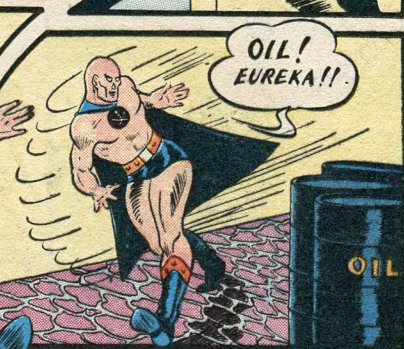
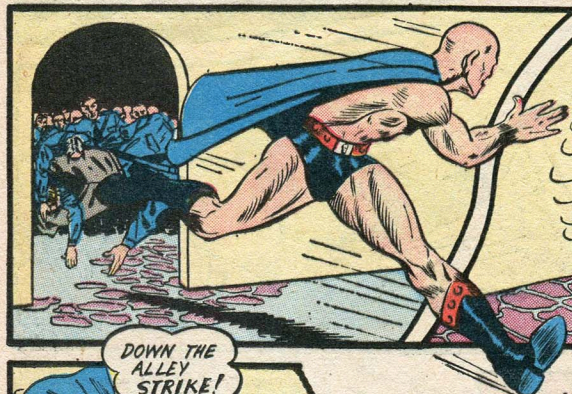
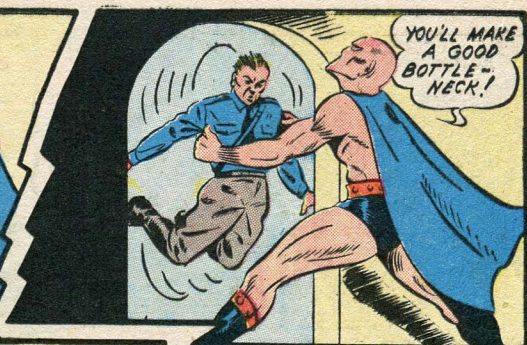
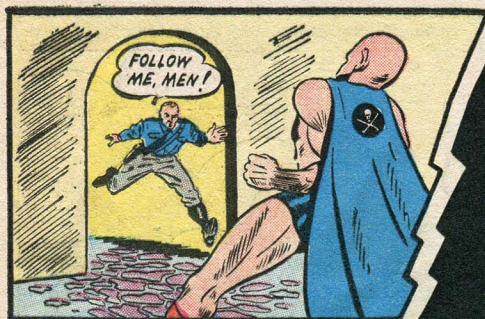
DO BE
CAREFUL!

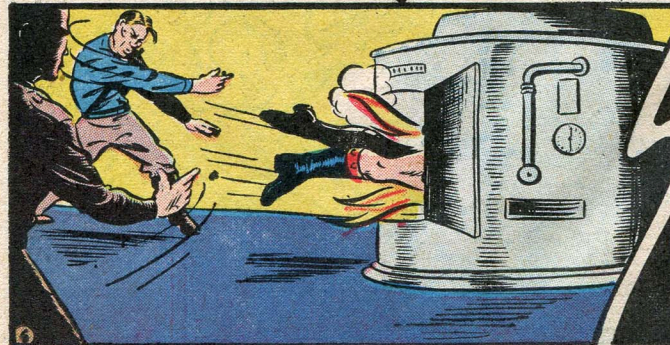
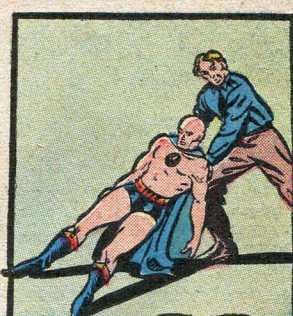
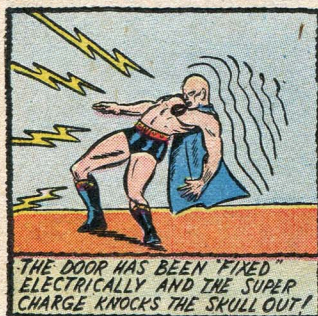
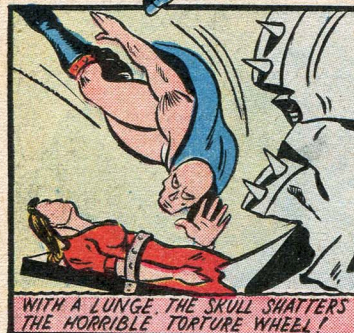
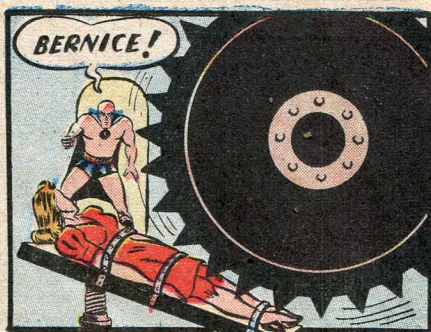
VOICES!...
COMING FROM
BEHIND THIS
DOOR!



PLANES OVER NEW YORK...
THE TANKS VILL TAKE
CONNECTICUT, UND...
VOT'S DISS??

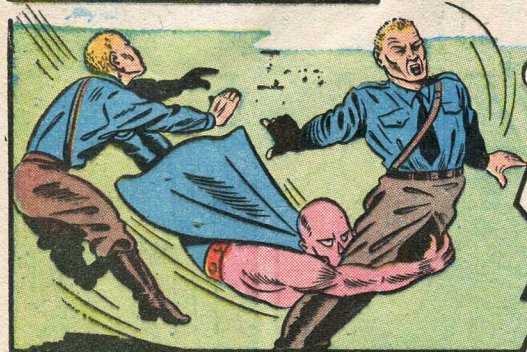
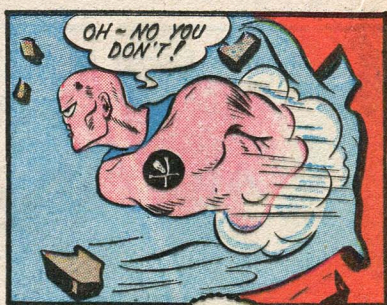




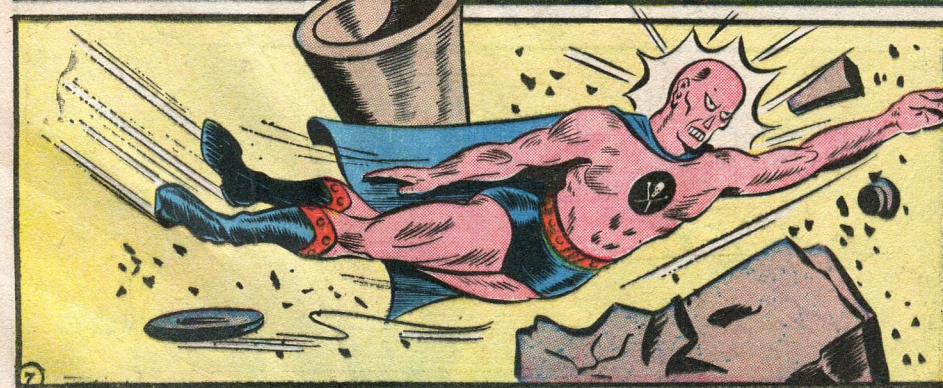
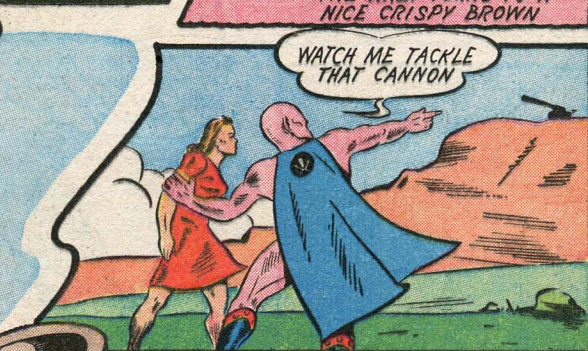


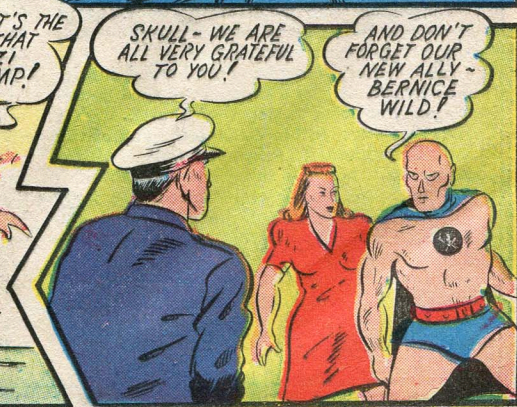
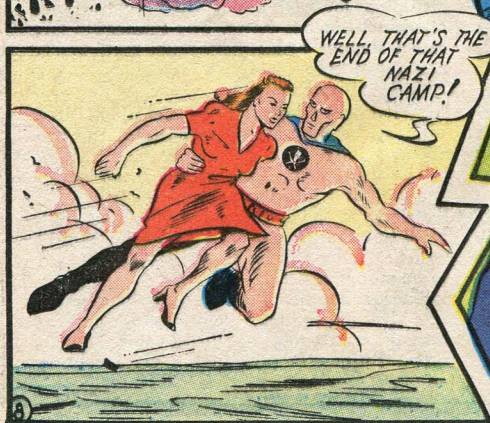
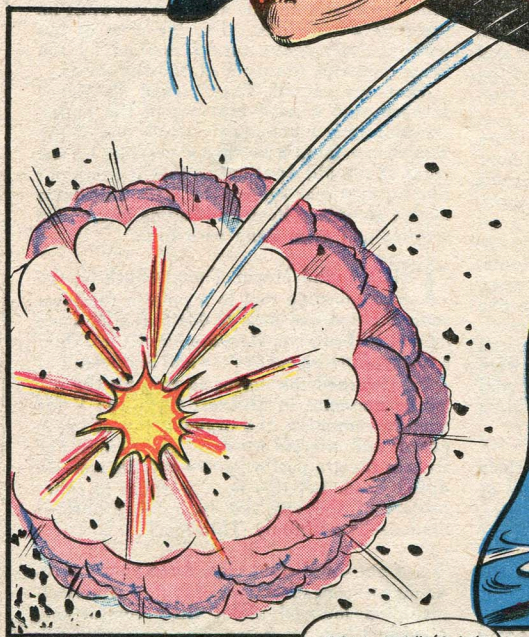
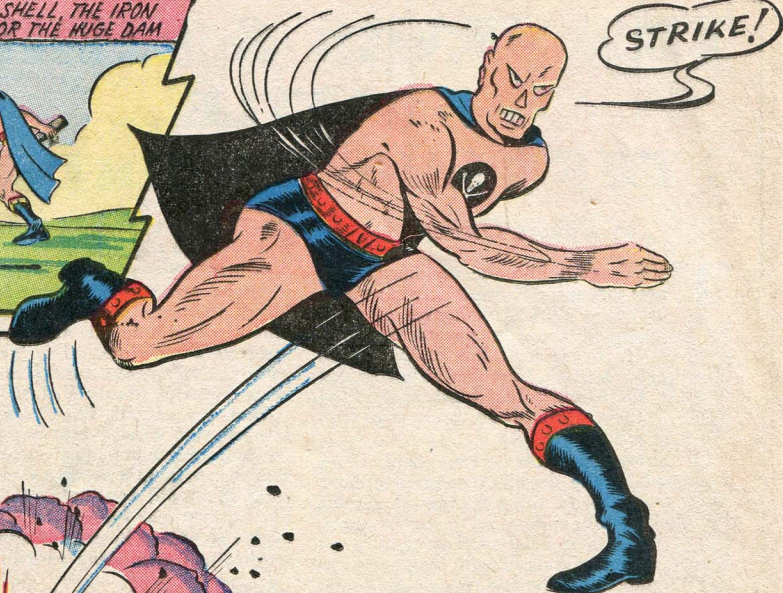
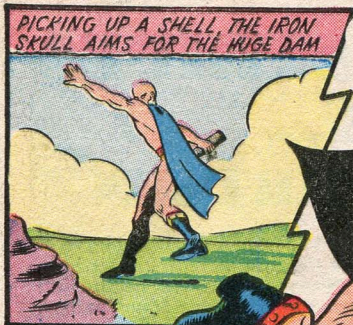


THE ELECTRIC
CURRENT IS
NEUTRALIZED
BY THE
TERRIFIC
HEAT OF THE
FURNACE -
AND THE
SKULL CRASHES
THRU!



THE NAZI TURNS TO A
NICE CRISPY BROWN





THE STARS & STRIPES BATTLE THE UNHOLY THIRTEEN

by Robert Turner

THEY swept into the pre-dawn darkness shrouding Midwest City in a cloud of desert dust. The hooves of their horses pounded the city pavement. Their white-cowled heads bent low of the manes of the racing animals, the robes billowing and flying in the wind. Boldly black against the front of these same white robes, was emblazoned a huge swastika.

In houses lining the street, people were awakened by the dread cacophony of hoof beats. Some made little frightened sounds with their mouths and pulled the covers, tremblingly, over their heads. Others simply remained stiff and paralyzed with fear, perspiration popping out of them in tiny globes. Some, bolder, rushed to the window, peered gingerly under drawn blinds at the dozen and one night riders, thundering through the streets, and these witnesses whimpered and shivered in abject terror. The same words though, were on the lips of all these citizens who saw and heard: "The Unholy Thirteen are riding again!"

THE dreaded night-riders brought their mounts to a halt close to the center of town, before a fine, old fashioned residence. All of them swaggered up the walk to the door of the big house.

The man with the axe knocked. But not politely. He knocked with one smashing blow of the sharp-bladed tool that splintered through the solid wood of the door. Again and again the axe crashed through the wood, shattering it completely.

The Unholy Thirteen now barged inside. The leaders cruelly dismissed the aged housekeeper who tried to stop their march, with a slap that knocked her clear to the end of the hall. She slumped against the wall, a pitiful figure, with her hair in curlers and her cold-creamed face bloody and bruised. She wept silently as she watched the gang climb the stairs. Through split lips she mumbled a hoarse warning:

"Mayor Jackson! They—they're coming after you! Mayor Jackson—The Unholy Thirteen!"

BUT Thomas Jackson, patriotic mayor of Midwest City did not hear the warning. The first intimation of trouble he had was when he was rudely thrown from his bed, kicked from one member of the gang to the other, from side to side of the room, until he was half a conscious, gibbering mess of humanity, every inch of him marked by the heavy boots of the gang of Un-Americans.

That was not all. They picked up Mayor Jackson, and carried him out of the house, stopping only momentarily while one of the Thirteen painted a big black swastika on the front of the old dwelling so that it stood out like an ugly scar against the typical neatness of this American home, and slung him across a horse and rode away with him.

THEY found Mayor Thomas Jackson the next morning tied to a pole in the town square. He was as close to death as a man can be and still survive. He wore no clothes. Only a heavy, hurting coat of tar and feathers.

"We warned the mayor to stop all the patriotic nonsense in Midwest City—the V for Victory campaign, the organization of home guards and air raid workers, The Benefit For Britain theatre performances and the rest. He didn't heed. Let this be a warning to other leaders of the city not to be so foolish.—Signed—The Unholy Thirteen."

IN a not too distant city, three young men, magnificent specimens of typical American manhood lounged about their comfortably furnished hideout cellar. The redheaded one called Pepper had just finished reading the newspaper account of this latest deed of the Unholy Thirteen aloud.

"What are we going to do about it?" Whitey, the light-haired member of the trio asked, grimly.

The third man, Van, pounded the fist of one big hand into the palm of the other. "If that gang keeps getting away with that stuff, Fifth Columnists in every town in the country will be trying it," he stormed. "They've got to be stopped, now!"

"Here's another item in the same paper that gives me an idea," Pepper said, rumpling his thick thatch of brick-colored hair, thoughtfully. "It says that a cross country

flight of new army bombers are going to stop at the Midwest City airport, tomorrow night to refuel. The Unholy Thirteen aren't going to miss an opportunity like that to strike at Uncle Sam's forces!"

"I get it," Van said. He grinned. "And neither are we, THE STARS AND STRIPES, going to miss that chance to clamp down on the Unholy Thirteen!"

THE fighting, patriotic trio flew that day, incognito, to Midwest City. They stayed all day in a small hotel, that night cabbed out to the airport. When they had dismissed the hack, Pepper, Van and Whitey stripped off their every day clothes and stood in the moonlight clad only in their skin-tight costumes of red, white and blue. At one time these outfits had been the prison garb the boys had been forced to wear in a foreign concentration camp where they had been framed into imprisonment. But, now the prison stripes had been painted a colorful red and white and on the chest of each man there glowed a big blue star of freedom.

The three clasped hands in silence, then separated and hid in spots around the airport where each could cover thoroughly everything that occurred.

FOR several hours nothing happened. Then, abruptly shortly after one A.M., every light in the airport went out. Heavy, blanketing blackness dropped over the landing field and every building. From several places in the darkness screams of men in pain pierced the silence. There were brief, bright flashes of gun fire. Then silence again.

Through the gloom over the airport field three beams of light penciled. In the bright rays could now be seen men in white robes and hoods lugging old plows and heavy logs, and rolling big barrels of cement out onto the landing field. In a few minutes they already had the field so littered with barricades of bric-a-brac and junk that no plane could possibly land without ending up in a horrible crash.

JAWS tightened grimly, *The Stars and Stripes*, wielding their pen-type flashlights, shivered at the thought of what would happen to the squadron of Uncle Sam's new giant bombers when they attempted to land in the darkened field. Every plane would be a twisted hunk of wreckage. A million dollars of defense money would be wasted, to say nothing of the lives of crack army pilots, and the loss of time in building the planes.

A moment later Pepper dropped his flash light with a howl of rage as a bullet whined past his wrist, grazing the flesh. Instantly the

lights of his companions flicked off. The trio now plunged across the field in darkness. They did not stumble or fall, though. *The Stars and Stripes* had trained themselves to see in the gloom of night as well as cats.

STRAIGHT to one of the white-robed night riders, who showed up beautifully, ran Van. He hit the legs of his chosen man in a flying tackle that carried the victim six feet through the air and crashing down against a barrel of cement. Van stood up, fists clenched, waiting for the man to rise. But there was no more fight in the night rider. He lay across

In another part of the darkened field, Pepper was standing toe-to-toe with two strapping members of the spy-gang, slugging it out with them. First one of them dropped, his face smashed, consciousness gone, and Pepper could concentrate on the remaining opponent. He went to business with his fists, thoroughly.

A FEW minutes later and the gang would no longer be rightly called the Unholy Thirteen. Ten of them were stretched out on the airport field. The other three unknowing what had happened to their comrades were sitting comfortably in the small power plant of the airport, making sure that no one turned on the lights of the field again until after the army planes had crashed. These

three were quite surprised when there whizzed a series of red, white and blue flashes through the doorway.

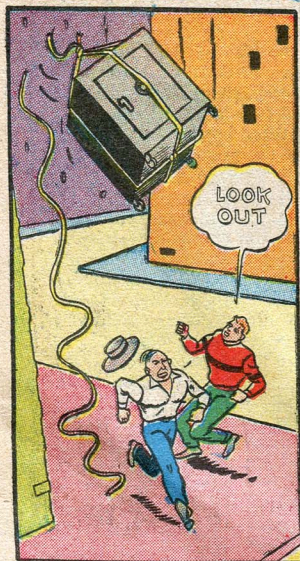
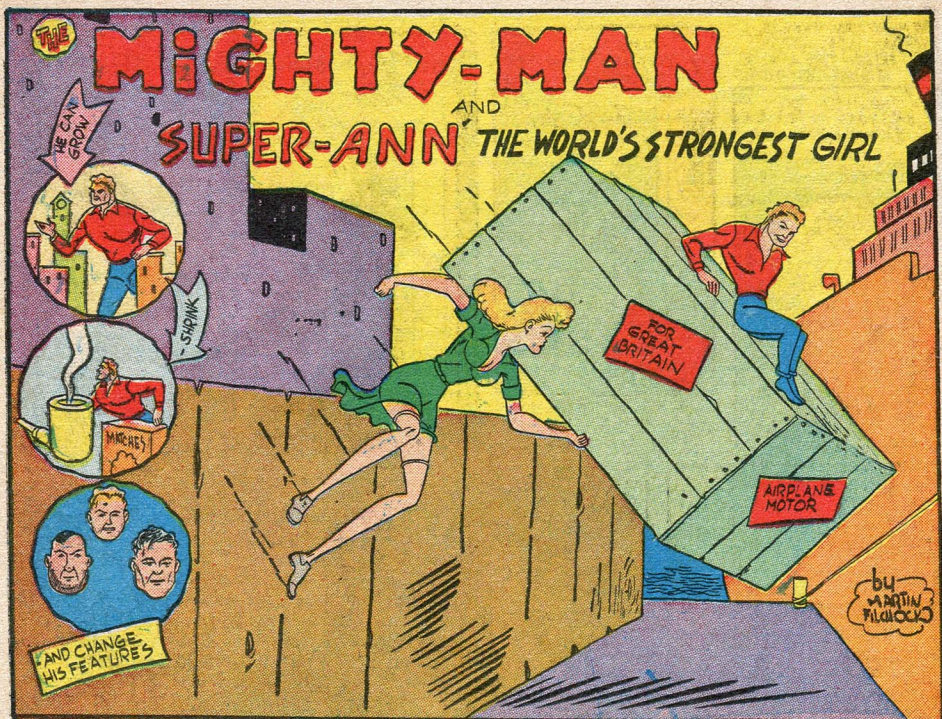
The sound and the fury of the fight lasted for several moments and then subsided into a series of whimpers and groans. Then the light in the room flooded on, showing Pepper and Van grinning over three battered tough guys as Whitey stood by the control box.

A FEW moments later just as the air above the landing field was filled with the roar of motors as the bombers came in to land, the field landing lights flashed on. Just in time, the pilots saw the obstacles scattered about the field and climbed their planes again and circled around until the field was cleared and they could land safely.

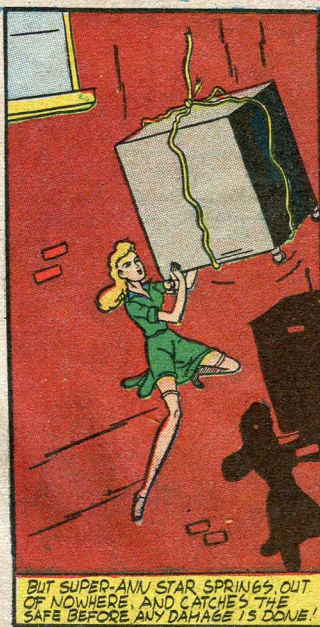
At breakfast the following morning, airport employees talked about the incidents of the night. "Some spy at the airport where the Army flight started off fixed the planes' landing lights so they wouldn't work. With the field lights out, too, imagine what would have happened if those *Stars and Stripes* boys hadn't been on the job!"

"But they were on the job," one of the men said. "They always are."

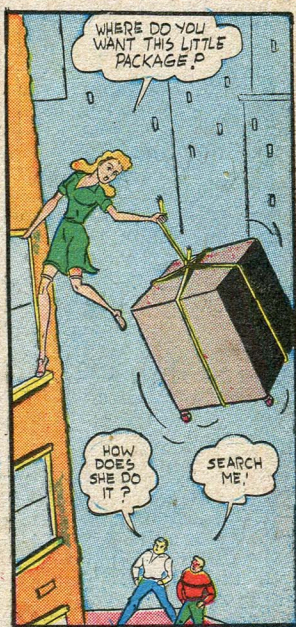
THE END.



TWO MEN CAN BE SEEN RAISING A HUGE SAFE TO THE TOP FLOOR OF A FOUR STORY BUILDING. SUDDENLY THE CABLE SNAPS.



BUT SUPER-ANN STAR SPRINGS OUT OF NOWHERE AND CATCHES THE SAFE BEFORE ANY DAMAGE IS DONE!



THE MIGHTY MAN, THE GIRL'S GUARDIAN ANGEL, WATCHES HER PERFORM THIS AMAZING FEAT. HE IS FAR FROM PLEASED



THE LITTLE FOOL! SHE'LL GET IN TROUBLE SHOWING OFF LIKE THAT!

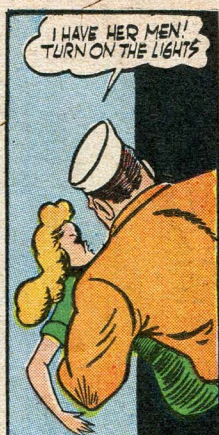


THAT'S FUNNY! WHY AREN'T THE LIGHTS ON?

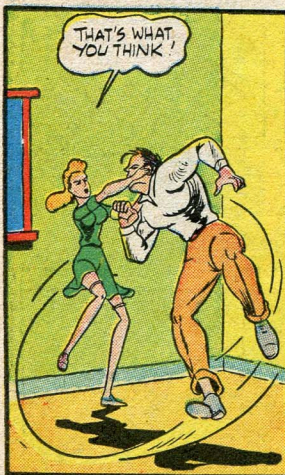
THE MIGHTY MAN IS RIGHT - AS ANN FINDS OUT THAT VERY NIGHT!



MAW OH MAW



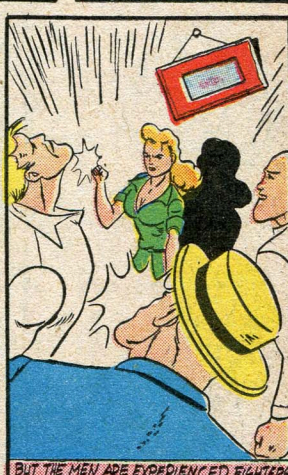
I HAVE HER MEN! TURN ON THE LIGHTS



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



WHOO! A REGULAR MOB - NOW THE FIGHT IS EVEN!



BUT THE MEN ARE EXPERIENCED FIGHTERS



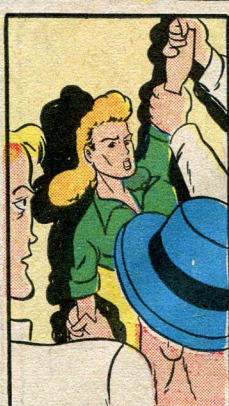
COME ON! MY RIGHT HAND IS BAD BUT I STILL HAVE MY LEFT!

IN A FEW SECONDS THEY HAVE SUPER-ANN CORNERED!



OKEY MEN! CHARGE HER!

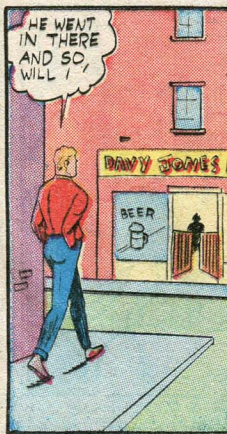
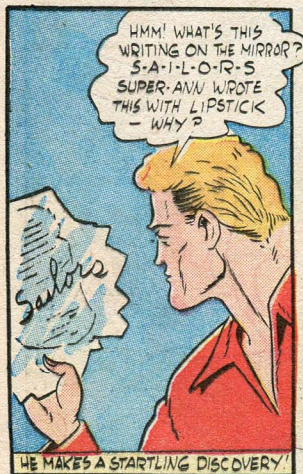
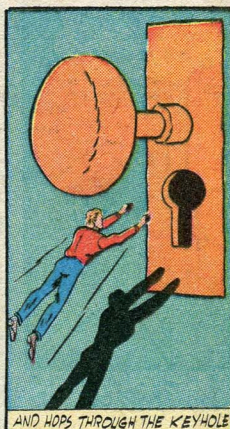
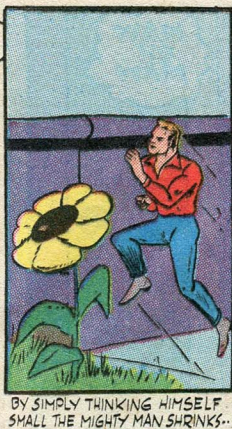
THE MEN CHARGE HER AS A SINGLE UNIT

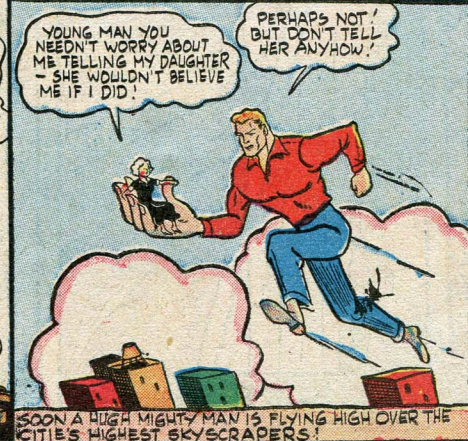
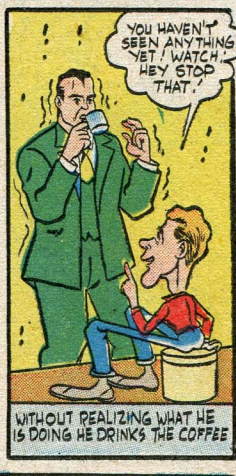
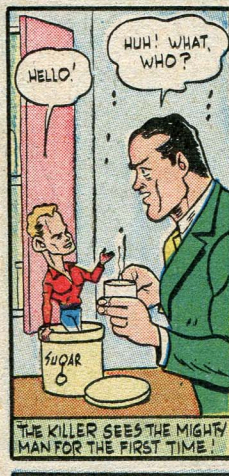


WITH THE OVERWHELMING ODDS AGAINST HER, ANN IS SOON OVERPOWERED



QUICKLY SHE IS CARRIED OFF







WMM! BRITISH FREIGHTERS! WONDER WHAT.. AH! I'M NOT A MINUTE TOO SOON!

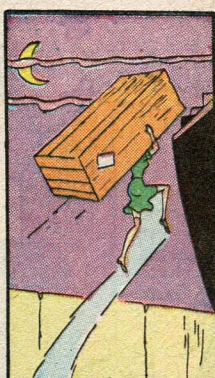
A FEW MINUTES AFTER TWO ON THE MAIN DOCK



THE MIGHTY MAN SEES SUPER-ANN VAULT A FENCE CARRYING A LARGE WOODEN BOX- SHE EXCHANGES IT FOR ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT IN EVERY DETAIL!



I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE GUARDS - THEY'RE WORKING WITH US!



SHE HOPS BACK OVER THE FENCE WITH THE EXCHANGED BOX!



I'LL HAVE TO SEE WHY SHE EXCHANGED THOSE BOXES! BEFORE SHE RETURNS!



WELL I'LL BE DARN - A SUPER BOMB!

TICK TOCK!

THE MIGHTY MAN SHRINKS AND ENTERS THE WOODEN BOX THROUGH A CRACK!



AIRPLANE MOTORS! THEY'RE PLANNING TO BLOW UP THE FREIGHTERS!

HE MAKES A SPEEDY TRIP TO THE EXCHANGED BOX! SUPER ANN HAD PLACED IT ON THE DECK OF A SMALL TUG BOAT!



ANN MUST BE GETTING ANOTHER BOX SO I'LL JUST EXCHANGE THIS ONE FOR ONE OF THESE ALREADY HERE!



SHE DOESN'T KNOW! I CHANGED THE CRATES AROUND!

SUPER-ANN SOON RETURNS WITH ANOTHER BOX- BUT INSTEAD OF TAKING ONE WITH A BOMB IN IT SHE TAKES THE ONE WITH THE AIRPLANE MOTORS



ONE MORE AIRPLANE MOTOR CRATE AND I'LL BE PERMITTED TO SEE MAW

WHILE SHE IS AWAY THE MIGHTY MAN AGAIN CHANGES THE BOXES! SUPER-ANN MAKES HER APPEARANCE AND AGAIN TAKES THE WRONG BOX!



THAT WAS THE LAST ONE! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TO GET RID OF THE FIRST BOX - THE ONE WITH THE BOMB IN IT!

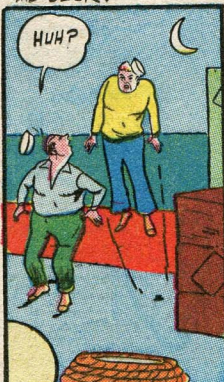


WELL! SHE DID IT, TONY!

YEAH! LET'S GO! THE OTHER BOYS MAY BE WAITING FOR US!

BUT HE FINDS TWO MEN ALREADY THERE

THE TWO MEN START TO LEAVE WHEN SUDDENLY ONE LEAVES THE DECK!

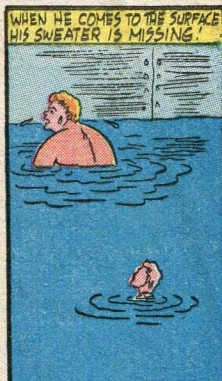


HUH?



I'M GETTING OFF THIS HOODOO SHIP!

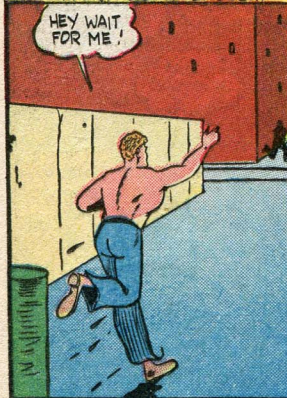
LIKE A BIRD HE SOARS FAR OUT INTO THE SEA AND THEN DROPS LIKE A COMET



WHEN HE COMES TO THE SURFACE HIS SWEATER IS MISSING!

THE MIGHTY MAN HAS IT!

THE FRIGHTENED MAN SWIMS TO THE DOCK AND WITH BREATHTAKING SPEED HEADS FOR BROADWAY - BOTH HE AND HIS PARTNER HAD SEEN ENOUGH!



HEY WAIT FOR ME!



SHAKE A LEG, TONY!

WHERE'S JACK?

HE'S COMING! WHERE'S THE GIRL?

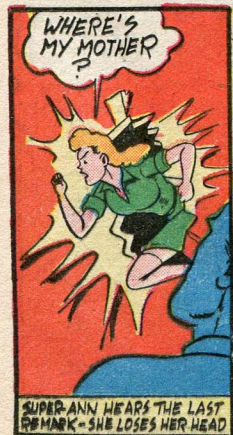
THE MIGHTY MAN THROWS THE BOX INTO THE WATER AND THEN GOES TO THE TUG DISGUISED AS TONY!



SHE'S IN THE CABIN! THE BOSS HASN'T SHOWN UP AND SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT HER OLD LADY!

SHE SHOULD BE! THE BOSS IS A QUEER DUCK HE MIGHT KILL THE GIRL'S MOTHER!

YEAH! I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED



WHERE'S MY MOTHER?

SUPER-ANN HEARS THE LAST REMARK - SHE LOSES HER HEAD



THE MEN TRY TO QUIET HER BUT HAVE LITTLE SUCCESS

I'LL KILL ALL OF YOU

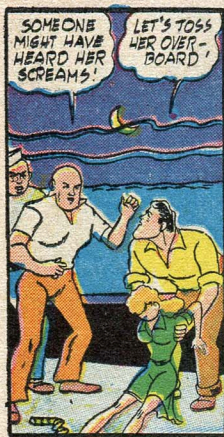
SHHH



THEY TRY TO USE FORCE BUT THIS ONLY ENRAGES HER



ONE OF THE MEN USES A BELAYING PIN!



SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE HEARD HER SCREAMS!

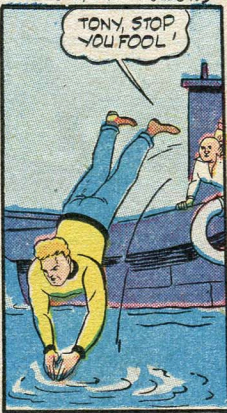
LET'S TOSS HER OVER-BOARD!



HEY!

BEFORE THE DISGUISED MIGHTY MAN CAN STOP THEM THEY THROW SUPER-ANN INTO THE OCEAN

THE MIGHTY MAN FOLLOWS



TONY, STOP YOU FOOL!



START HER UP MEN-SOMEONE'S COMING!

YEAH! IT LOOKS LIKE A COPPER!

THEY WON'T CATCH US!

THE SABOTEUR MAKE THEIR GETAWAY



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! FIRST GIVE ME A HAND

I'VE GOT TO CHANGE MY FEATURES AGAIN!

THE MIGHTY MAN HAS LITTLE TROUBLE RESCUING THE GIRL!



--THESE NAZIS KIDNAPPED MOM AND THEN THREATENED TO KILL HER UNLESS I EXCHANGED THE BOYES - THE GUARDS WHO WERE IN ON THE PLOT THOUGHT IT WOULD BE TOO RISKY TO DO IT ANY OTHER WAY!

I WISH YOU HADN'T LOST YOUR HEAD - YOU SEE YOUR MOTHER IS SAFE AND AS FOR THE BOYS-HE'S DEAD!

?

A FEW MINUTES LATER!



SHE IS? I'M SO GLAD! BUT WHO ARE YOU - HOW DID YOU GET IN ON THIS?

I'M WORKING WITH THE G-MEN! I WAS ON THEIR TRAIL FOR SOMETIME! THANKS FOR THE CLUE ON THE MIRROR!

GOSH! A G-MAN!



OH! BUT THAT WASN'T FOR YOU! IT WAS FOR SOMEONE ELSE! FOR MY GUARDIAN ANGEL!

YOUR WHO? HA HA! WHAT'S THAT?



THE TUG'S BLOWN UP! BUT HOW? ALL THE BOMB CRATES ARE ABOARD THE FREIGHTER?

GOSH! I MUST HAVE MOVED UP THE TIME WHEN I CHANGED THEM AROUND

OH! OH!



YOU WHAT?

HUH? HE'S GONE! LOOK HERE'S HIS SWEATER



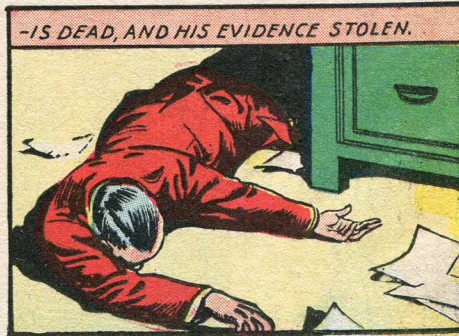
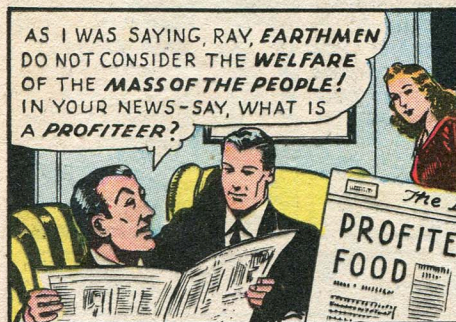
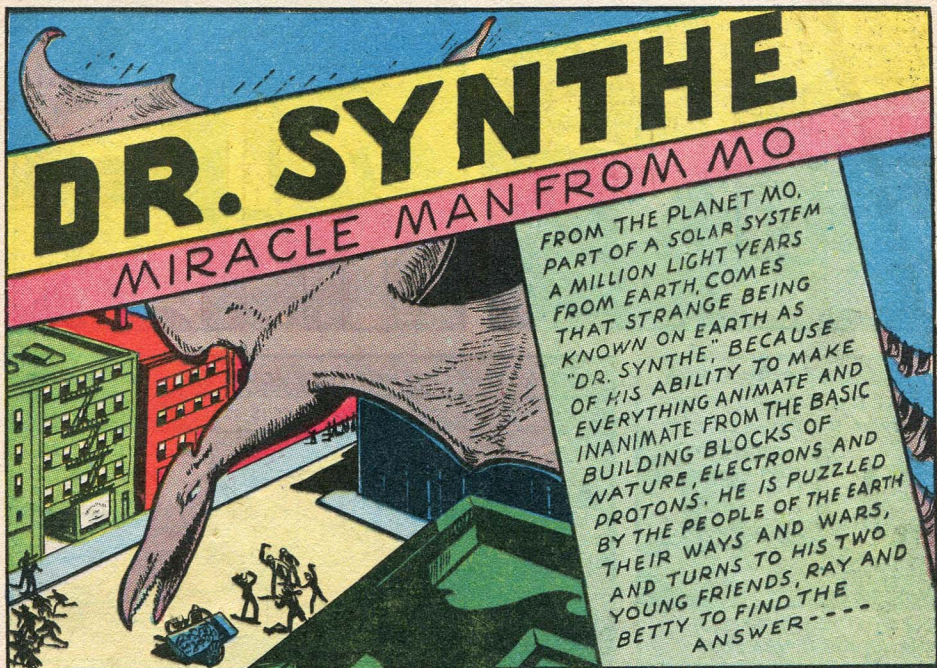
TELL ME AGAIN, OFFICER! HOW DID HE VANISH SO QUICKLY?

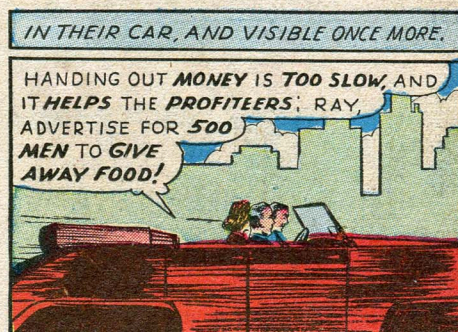
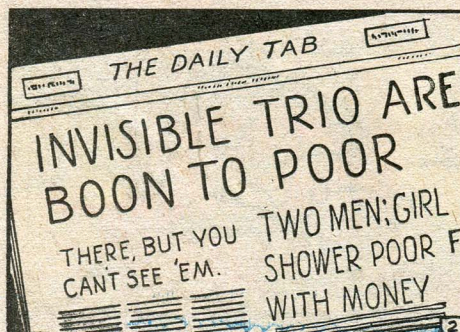
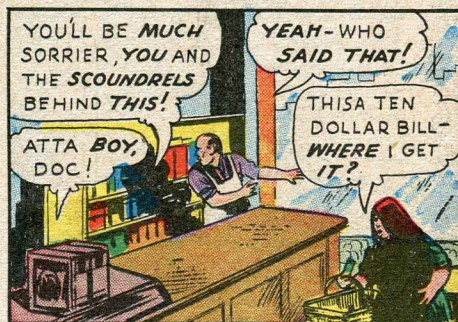
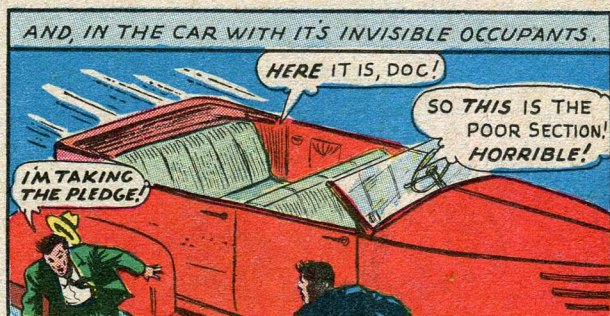
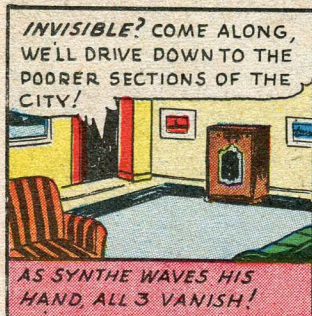
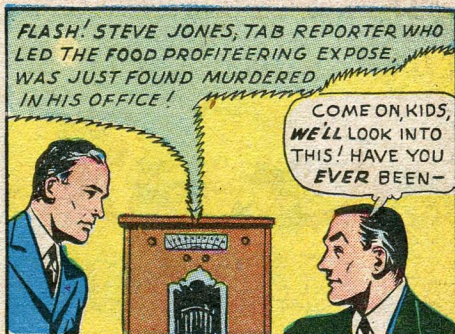
I NEVER TOLD YOU ONCE! BUT I WILL TELL YOU ONE THING - I HAVE A HUNCH THE VANISHING GUY WAS YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL!

WHEW!

THE MIGHTY MAN'S CLOTHING IS MADE OF SPECIAL RUBBERIZED MATERIAL

THE END



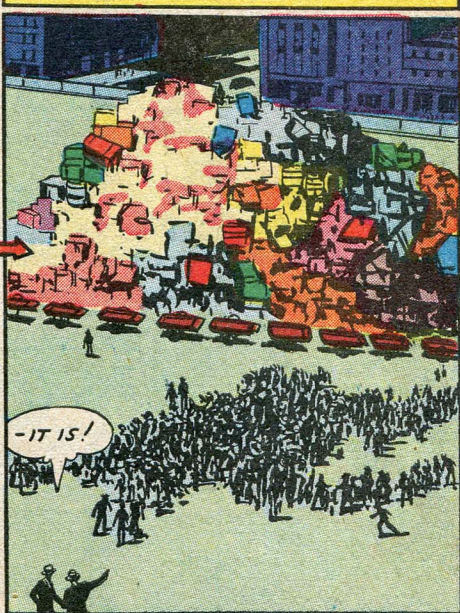


NEXT MORNING - ON A LOT SYNTHÉ BOUGHT.

HERE ARE THE 500 MEN TO GIVE AWAY FOOD - BUT WHERE'S THE FOOD AND PUSH-CARTS? OH HERE-



A MOUNTAIN OF FOOD, AND 500 PUSH-CARTS ARE MATERIALIZED.



YOU MEN HAVE YOUR ROUTES, GIVE FOOD TO ANYONE WHO WANTS IT. THEN COME BACK AND LOAD UP AGAIN!



AN HOUR LATER IN A BUSINESS OFFICE.

BOSS! THERE'S PUSH-CARTS OF FOOD ALL OVER TOWN-

WE HAD AN ANTI-PEDDLERS LAW PASSED! USE IT!



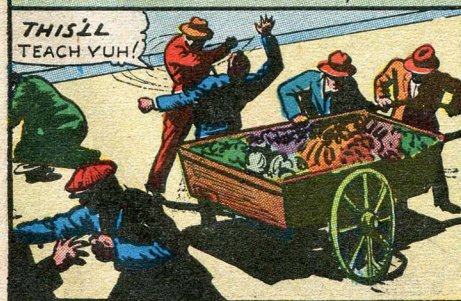
THEY AIN'T SELLIN' IT! THEY'RE GIVIN' IT AWAY, AND THIS DOC SYNTHÉ'S BEHIND IT!

TRY ROUGH-ING UP THE MEN, AND WRECKING THE CARTS

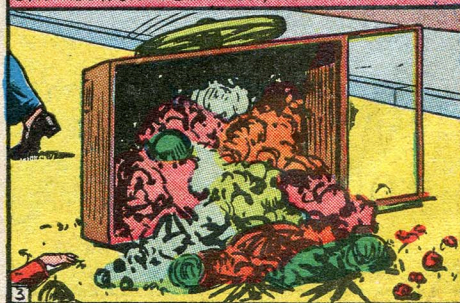


PAID HOODLUMS DESCEND, AND -

THIS'LL TEACH YUH!

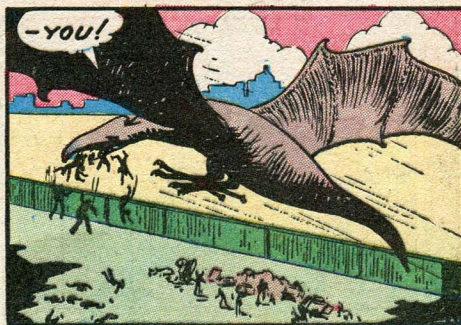
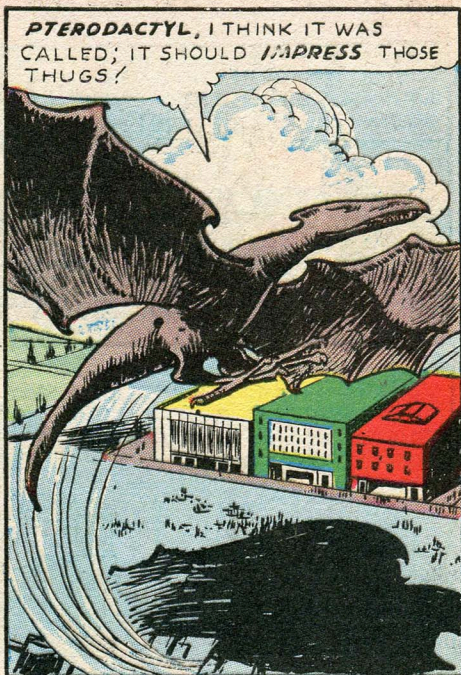


SYNTHÉ'S MEN ARE BEATEN, CARTS WRECKED.





AS THE PTERODACTYL, SYNTHÉ SWOOPS ON THE PROFITEER'S THUGS.



THAT NIGHT, SIMEON STONE, A PHILANTHRO-PIST, CALLS ON SYNTHÉ.



THE NEXT DAY FOOD PRICES DROP, BUT
SYNTHÉ'S FREE FOOD CARTS STILL ROLL



BOSS, UNLESS YOU DO *SOMETHING*, YOU'RE
RUINED / 3 WARE-HOUSES FULL—



YES, MR STONE / IF IT'S THAT, VITAL
I'LL MEET YOU / I'LL LEAVE NOW!



A *QUEER* PLACE FOR A MEETING WITH
A MAN LIKE **STONE**!

THERE HE
IS! *FOG*
HIM!



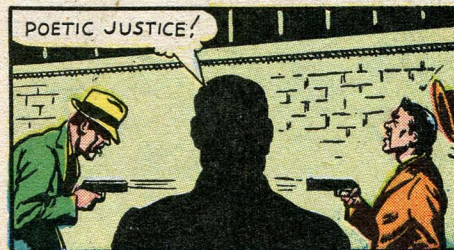
TAKE IT!

YOU *FOOLS*. YOU
CAN'T KILL *ME*!



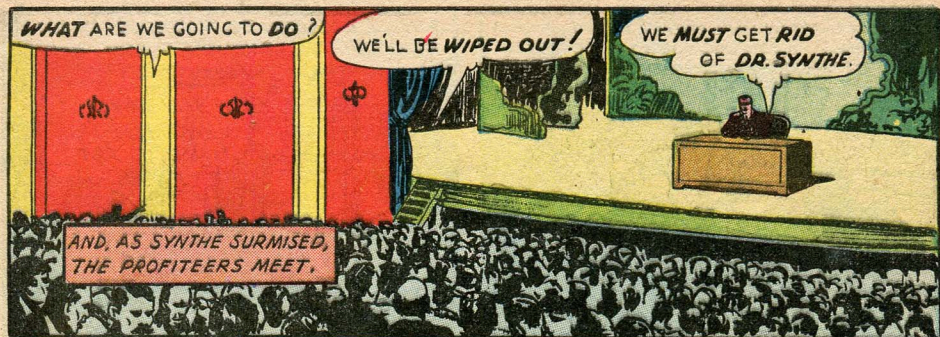
AS SYNTHÉ GESTURES, EACH KILLER
SEES THE OTHER AS SYNTHÉ.

POETIC JUSTICE!

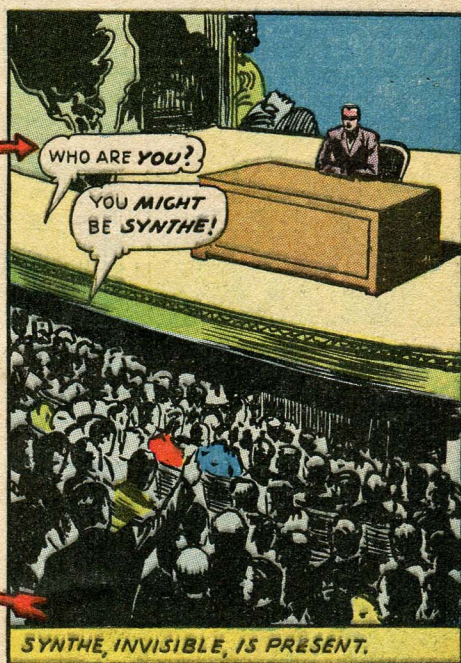


NOW I'LL GET THE *FIEND* BEHIND
THIS *WHOLE SMELLY BUSINESS*.
THOSE *VULTURES* WILL HOLD A
COUNCIL OF WAR—





SYNTHE APPEARS AS THE MURDERED REPORTER, STEVE JONES.



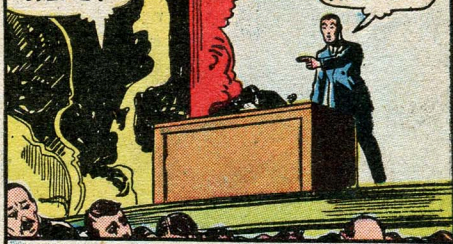


TEN JONES, TEN GHOSTS, TEN,
GHOSTS - TEN-DR. SYNTHÉ!



LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE!

NOT SO-



SYNTHÉ APPEARS AS DR. SYNTHÉ.

HANDCUFFS MATERIALIZE ON
THE LEGS AND ARMS OF
THE PROFITEERS.



FAST!

HANDCUFFS!

WHERE?

I'M NOT TAKING THIS RAP ALONE!
NOR I!

CRIMINALS ALWAYS
TURN ON ONE
ANOTHER!



POLICE? THIS IS DR. SYNTHÉ! THE
FOOD PROFITEERS ARE **WAITING**
AND **READY TO TALK!** THEY'RE AT-



LISTEN TO **THAT!**
ENOUGH TO **HANG**
THEM!

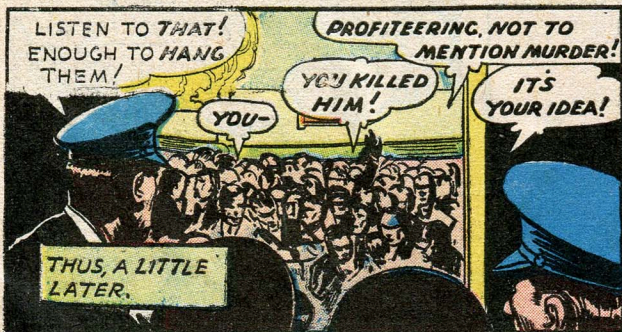
PROFITEERING, NOT TO
MENTION MURDER!

YOU KILLED
HIM!

IT'S
YOUR IDEA!

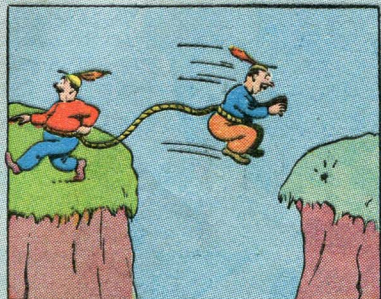
YOU-

THUS, A LITTLE
LATER.

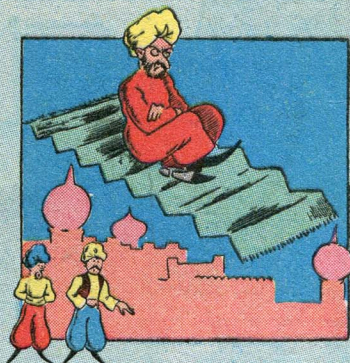


CAT'S ON?

BY
BOYNANSKY

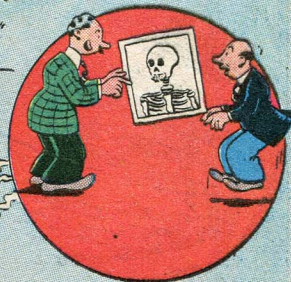


"OH BOY! A FOUR LEAF CLOVER!"



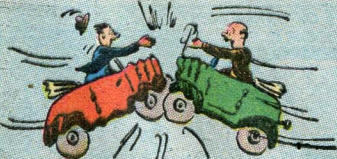
"HIS WIFE WAS USING IT FOR A STAIR CARPET!"

"I USED INFRA
RED FILM
INSTEAD!"



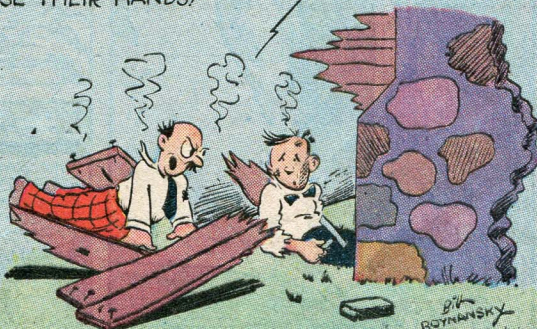
"THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE BEEN BOTHERED
BY FLAT-FEET, PLEASE RAISE THEIR HANDS!"

"ARE YOU SURE THAT
WAS FLASH POWDER?"



"DAD!"

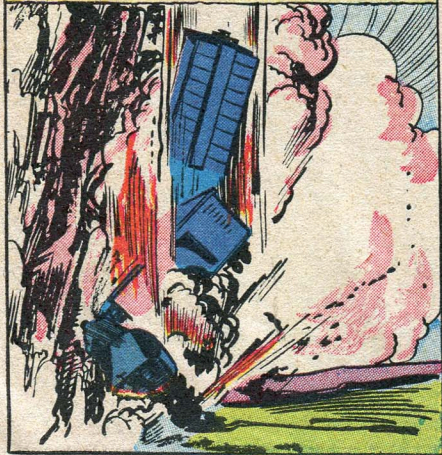
"SON!"



BY
BOYNANSKY



**A FINAL THUNDEROUS CRASH! ANOTHER
TRAINLOAD OF DEFENSE COPPER IS LOST!**



**PERFECT JOB,
I'D SAY!**



**YEAH WE'D BETTER
TELL RITTER RIGHT
AWAY!**

**LATER... NEWS OF THIS LATEST WRECK HAS REACHED
THE OFFICE OF O.R.M....**

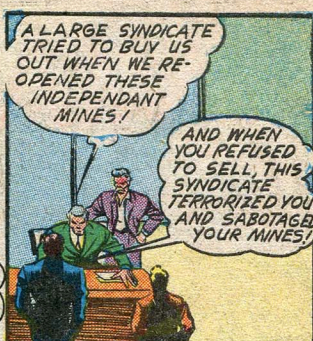




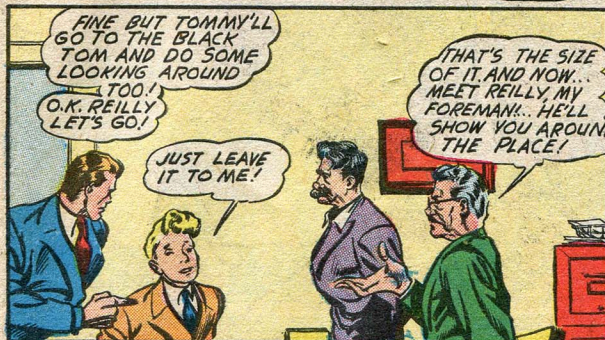
I SHALL MR. HAVERLY! TELL ME WHERE THESE MINES ARE AND I'LL GO AT ONCE!



FIRST THE DAISY MAE TOMMY AND THEN THE BLACK TOM NOT FAR AWAY!



AND WHEN YOU REFUSED TO SELL, THIS SYNDICATE TERRORIZED YOU AND SABOTAGED YOUR MINES!



O.K. REILLY LET'S GO!

JUST LEAVE IT TO ME!

THAT'S THE SIZE OF IT AND NOW... MEET REILLY, MY FOREMAN! HE'LL SHOW YOU AROUND THE PLACE!

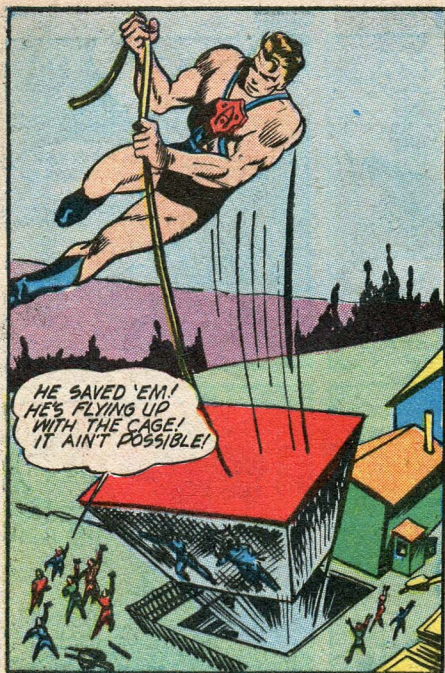


I SEE



OH! OH! HERE'S WORK FOR AMAZING MAN!





HE SAVED 'EM!
HE'S FLYING UP
WITH THE CAGE!
IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!



AMAZING MAN!
COME HERE A
MINUTE!



LOOK AT THE
CABLES, NOTCHES
IN 'EM! ALMOST
FILED THROUGH!

SA... A... AY
YOUR RIGHT!



WE'LL FIND OUT
ABOUT THAT
LATER! COME REILLY,
SHOW ME THE
REST OF THE MINE!

REILLY'S SEEN
THINGS! NOBODY
FILED THEM
CABLES!



AMAZING MAN'S
LIABLE TO MESS
UP EVERYTHING
I'D BETTER TELL
RITTER!



THE WAY THAT
GUY LIFTED THAT
CAGE MAKES
THINGS LOOK
TOUGH FER US!



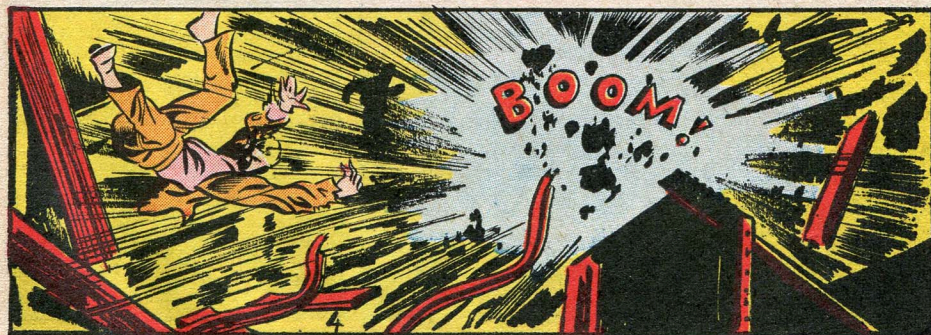
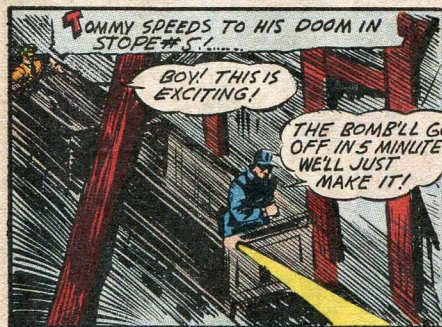
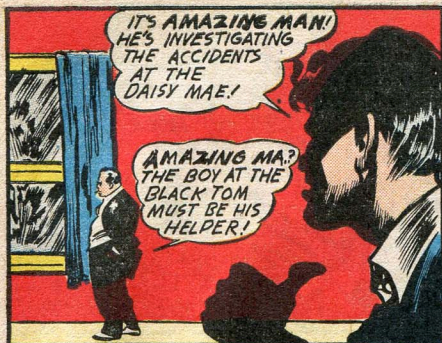
MY SYNDICATE WANTS
THE INDEPENDANT
MINES SHUT DOWN!
THAT WAY WE KEEP
UP THE PRICE OF
COPPER!

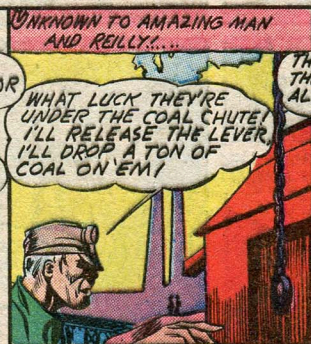
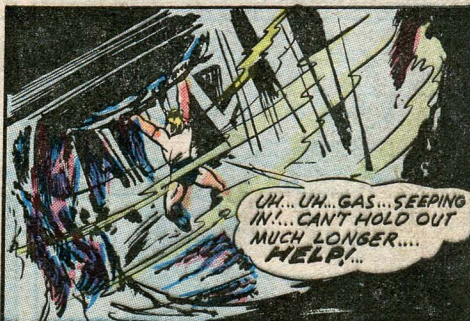
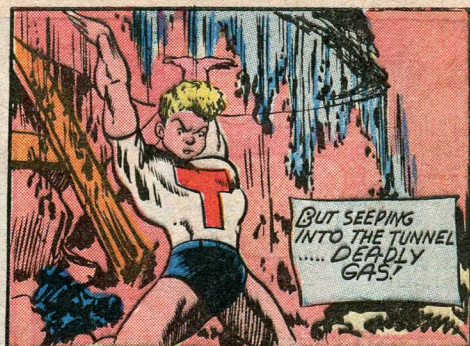
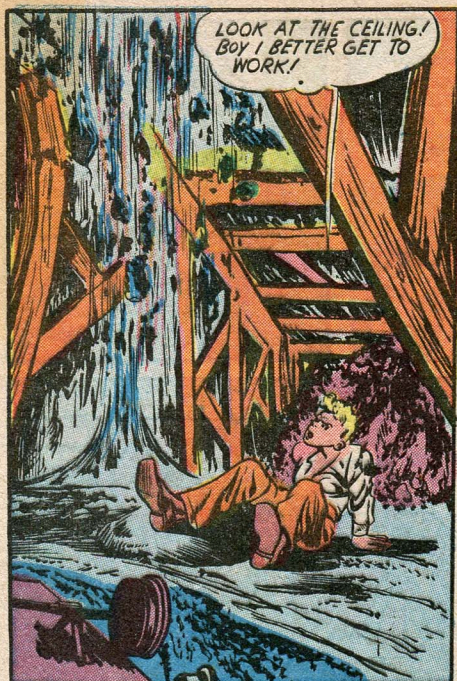
BUT I TELL YOU
SOME KIDS SNOOPIN'
AROUND THE BLACK
TOM! HE AIN'T UP
TO NO GOOD!

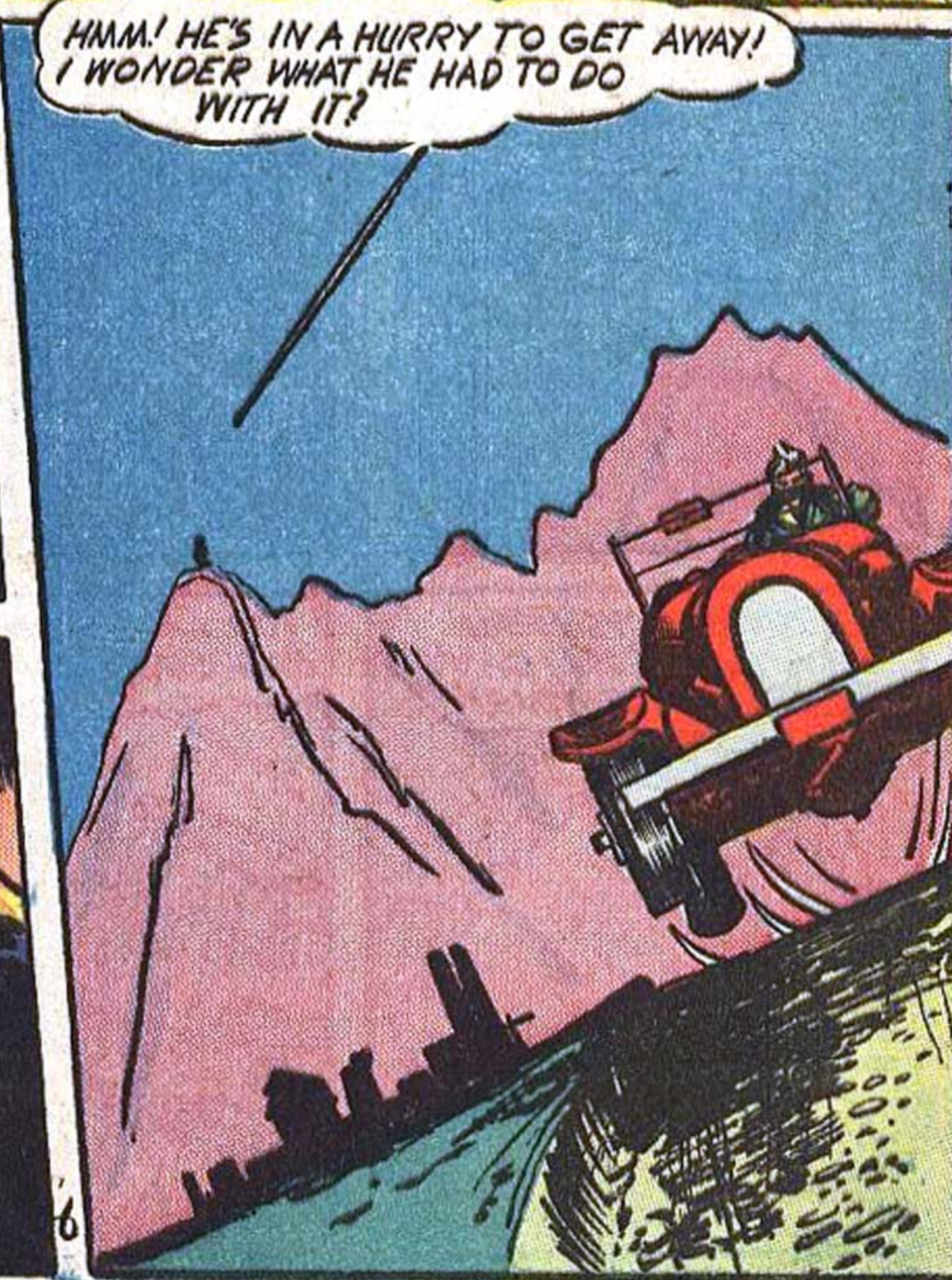
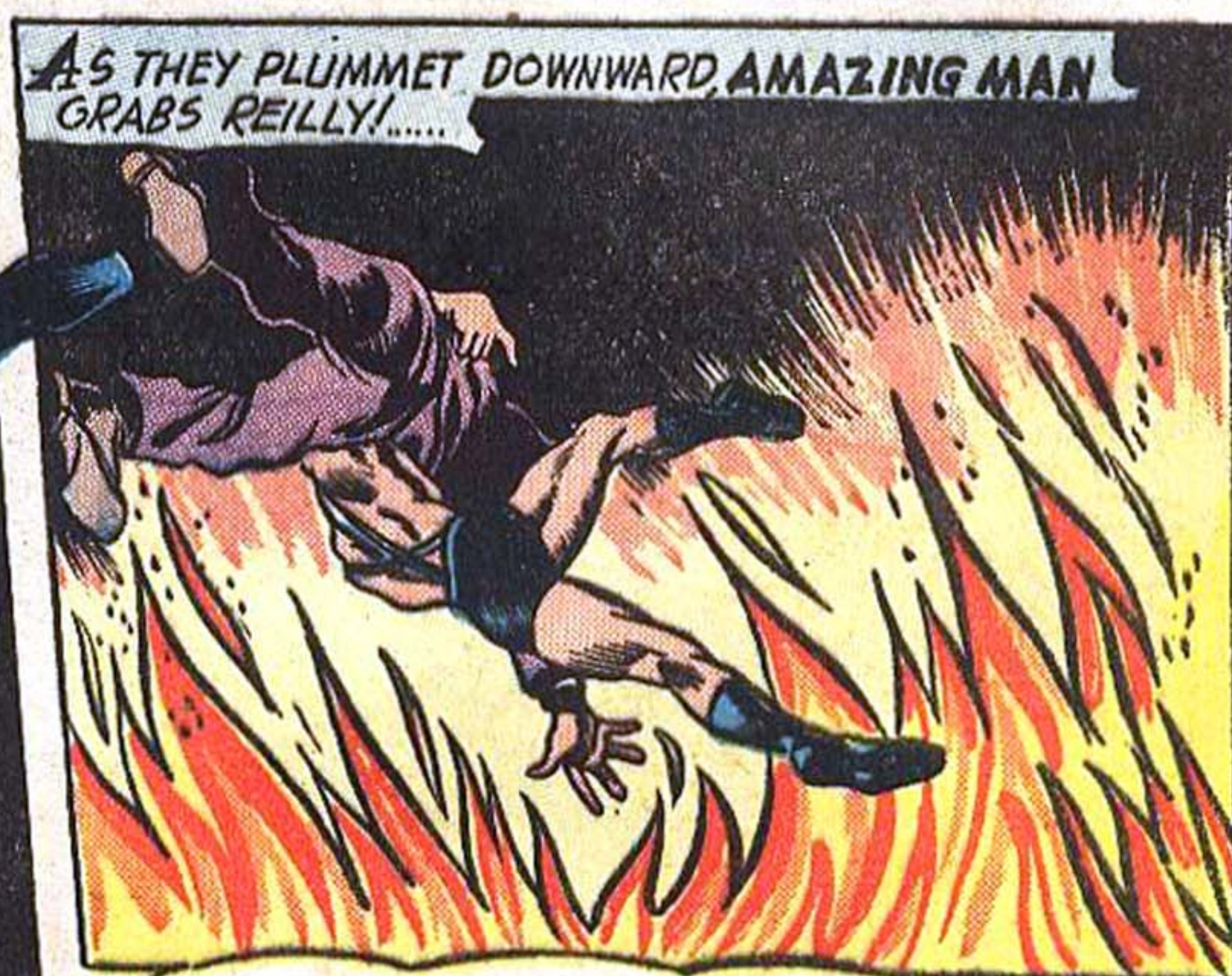
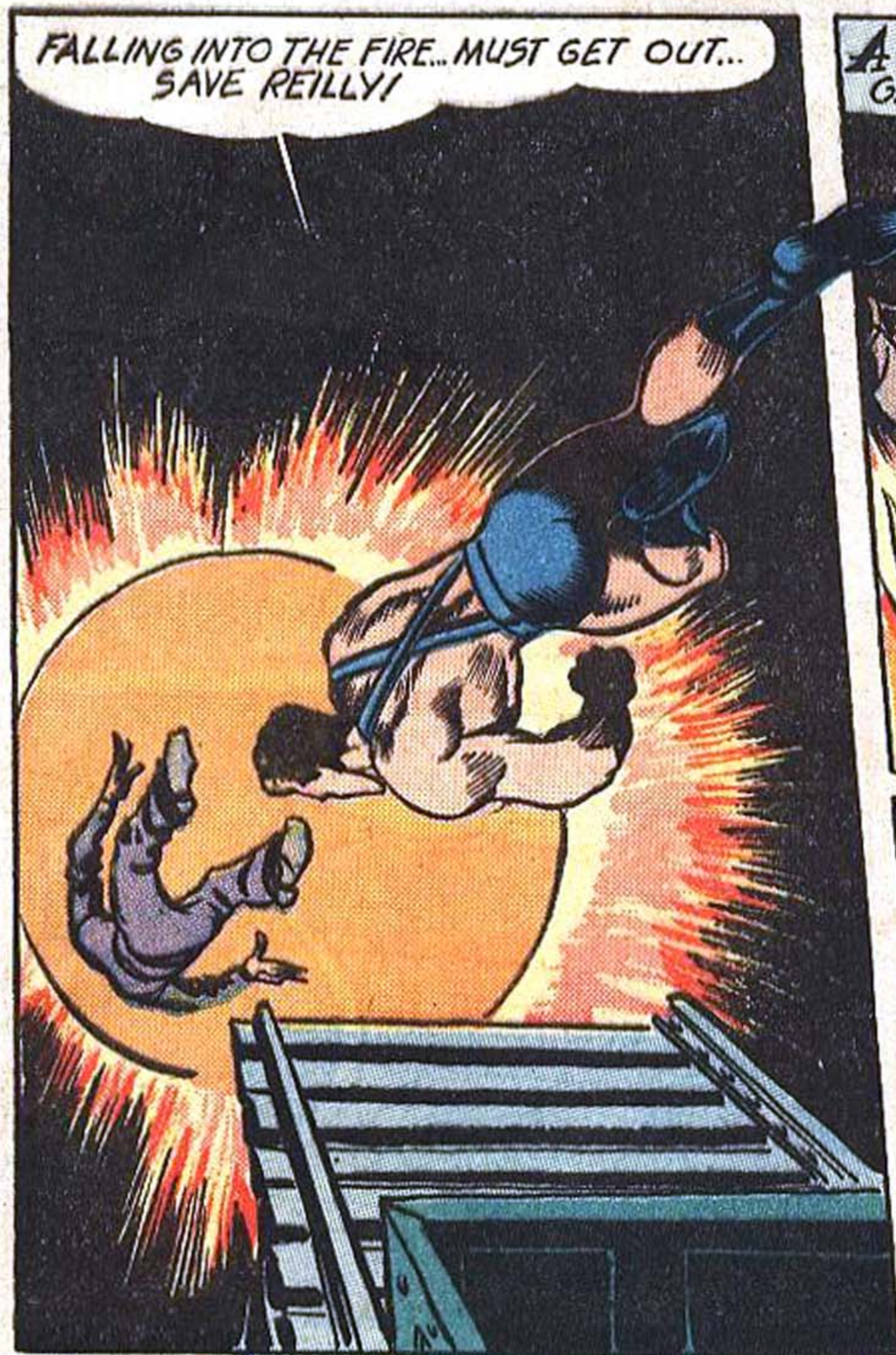


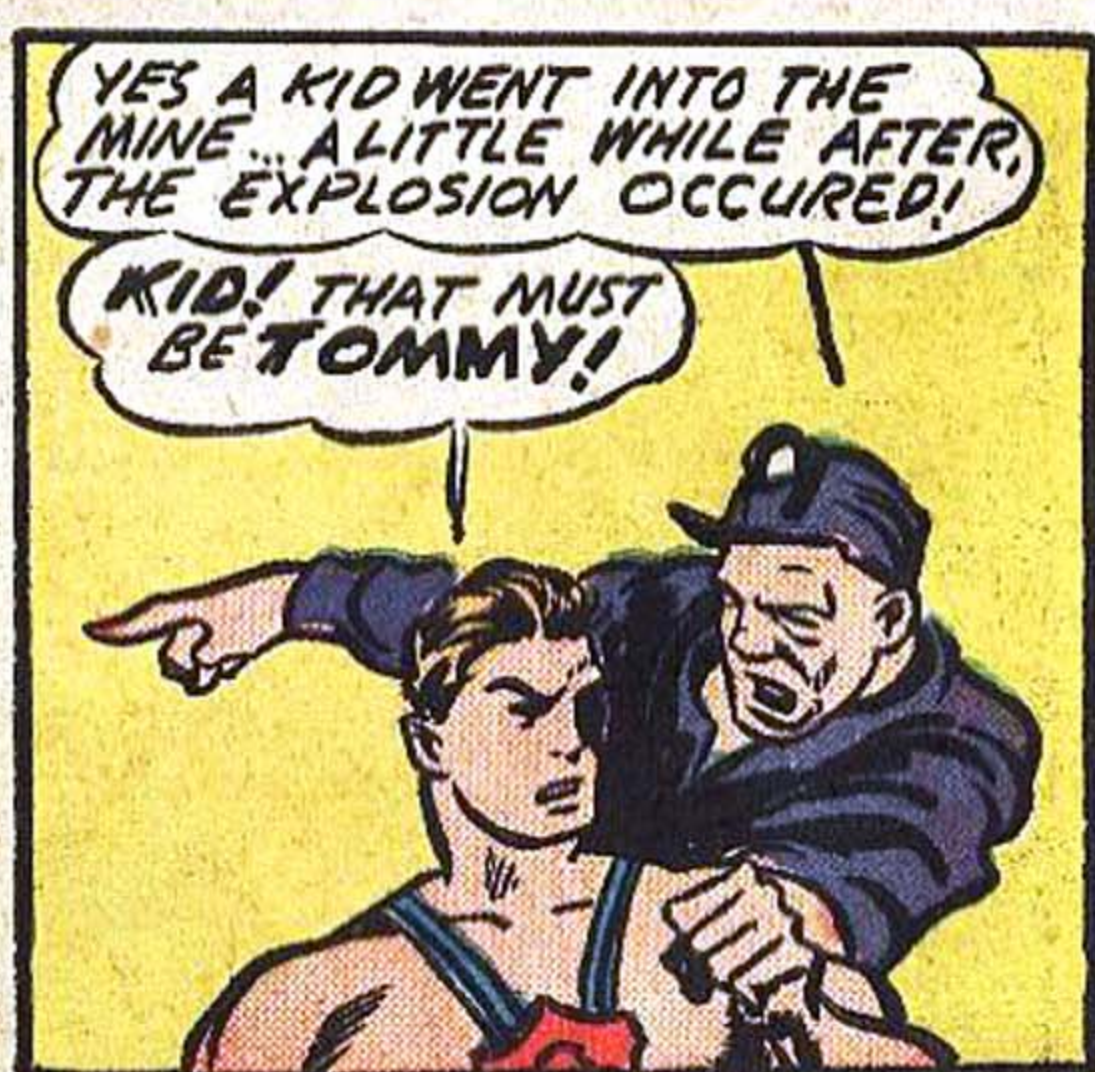
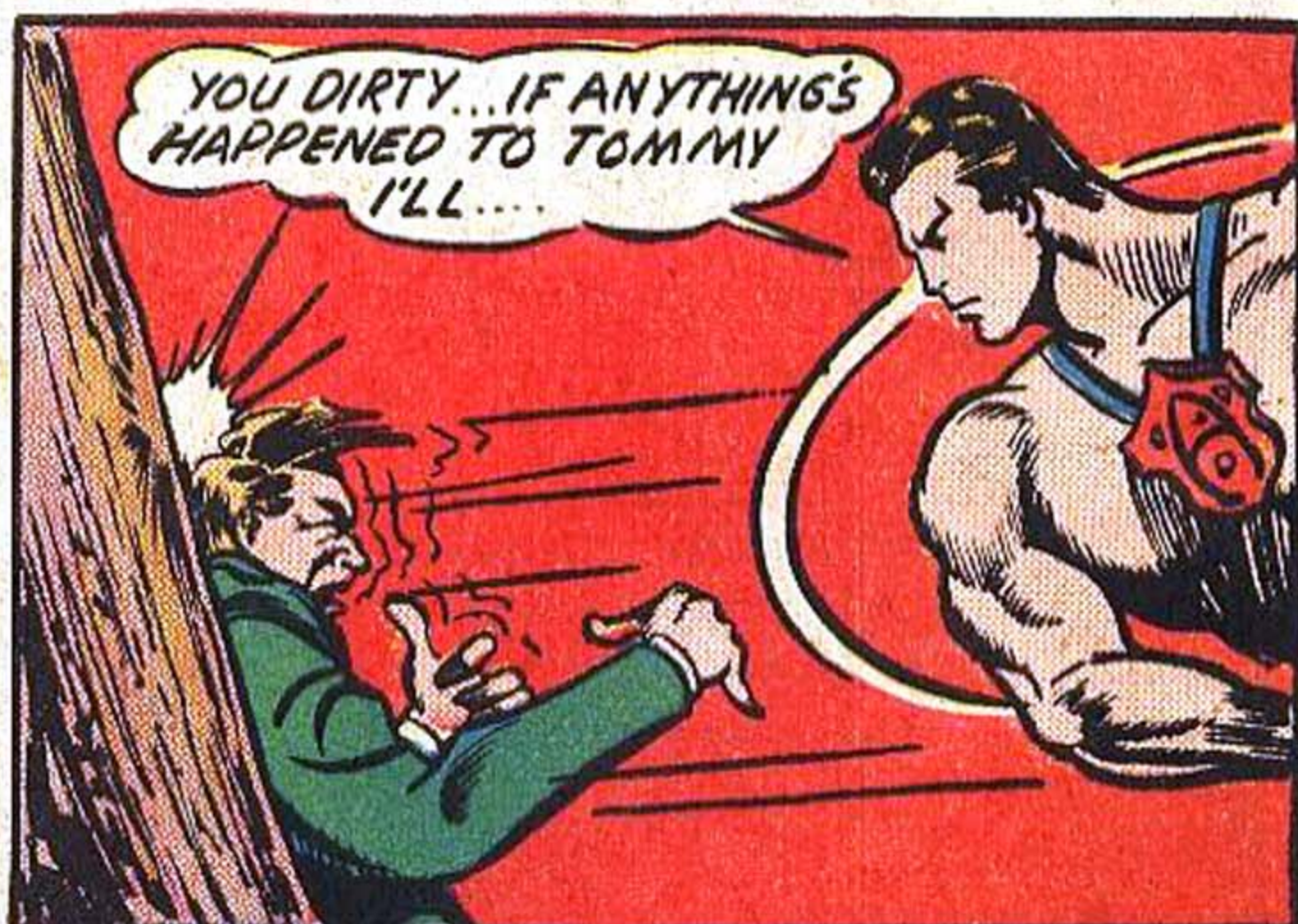
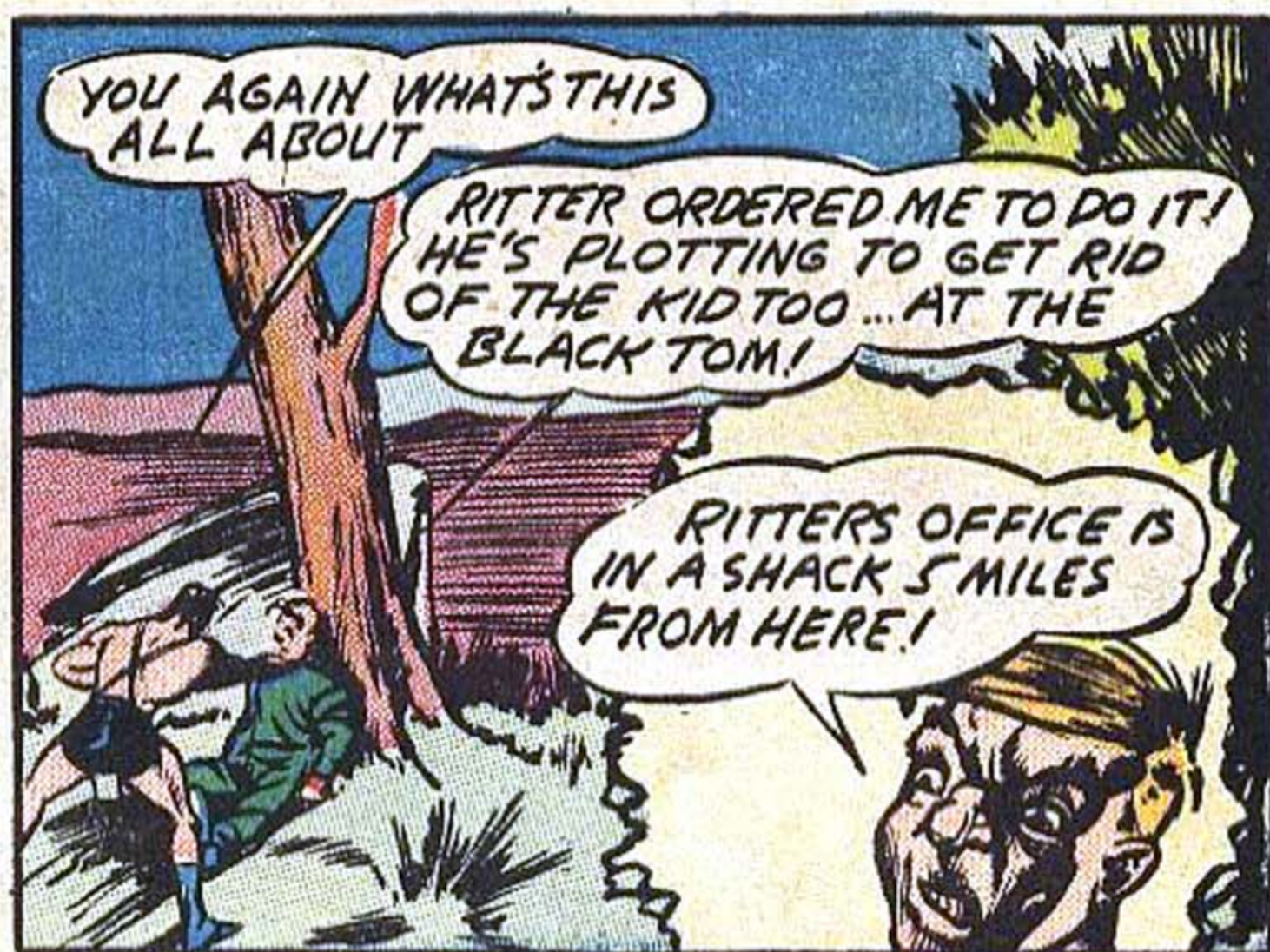
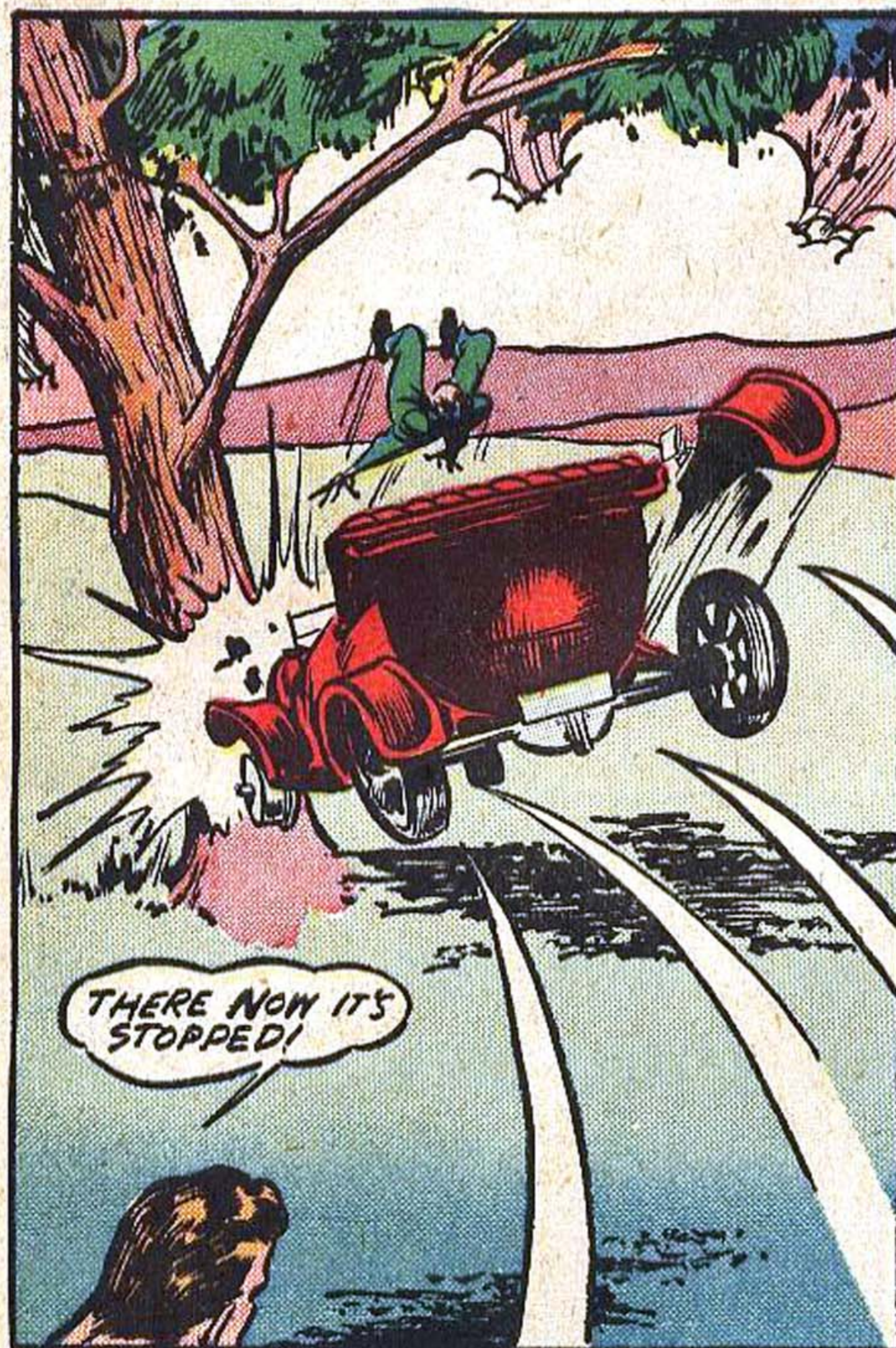
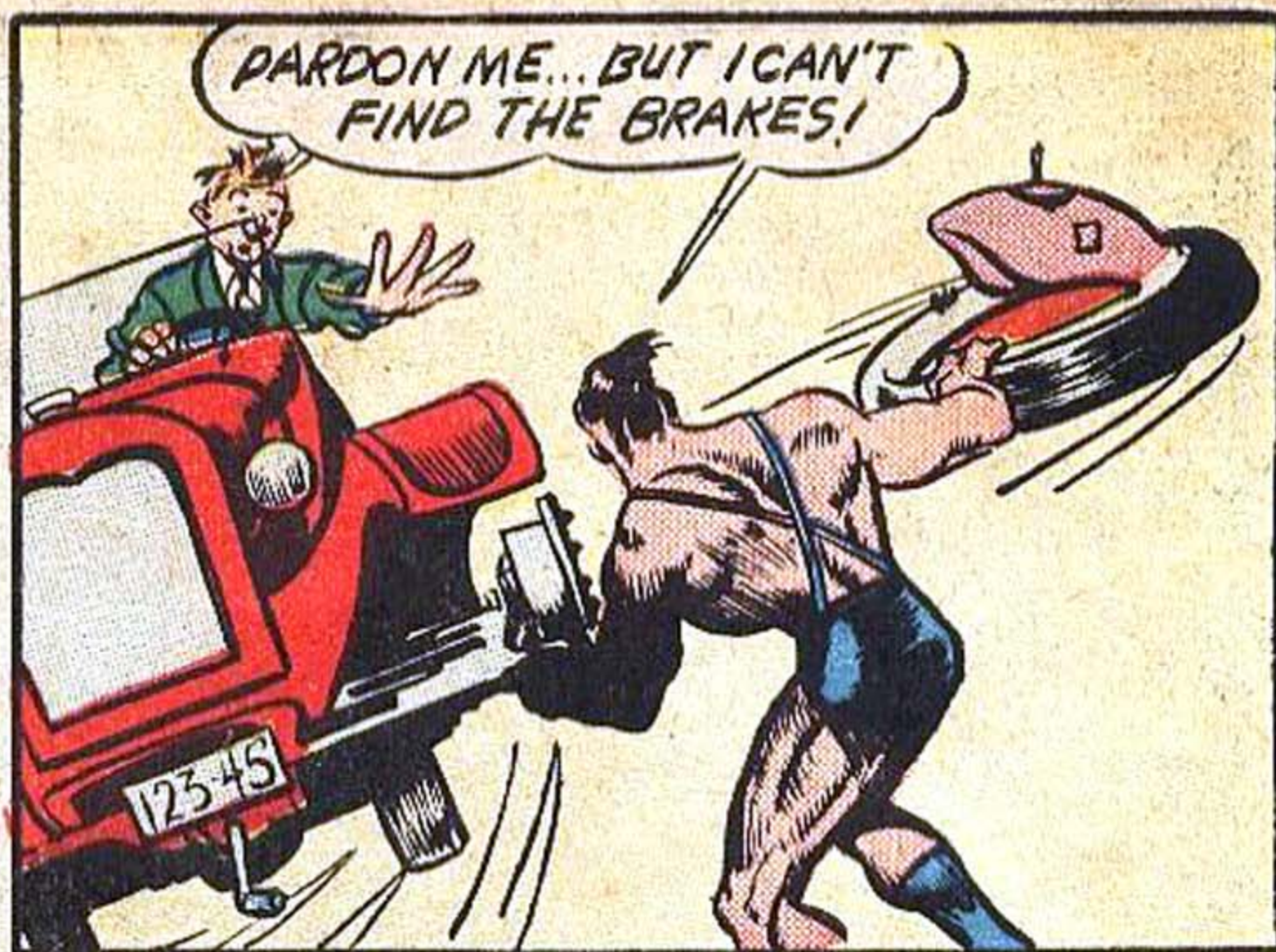
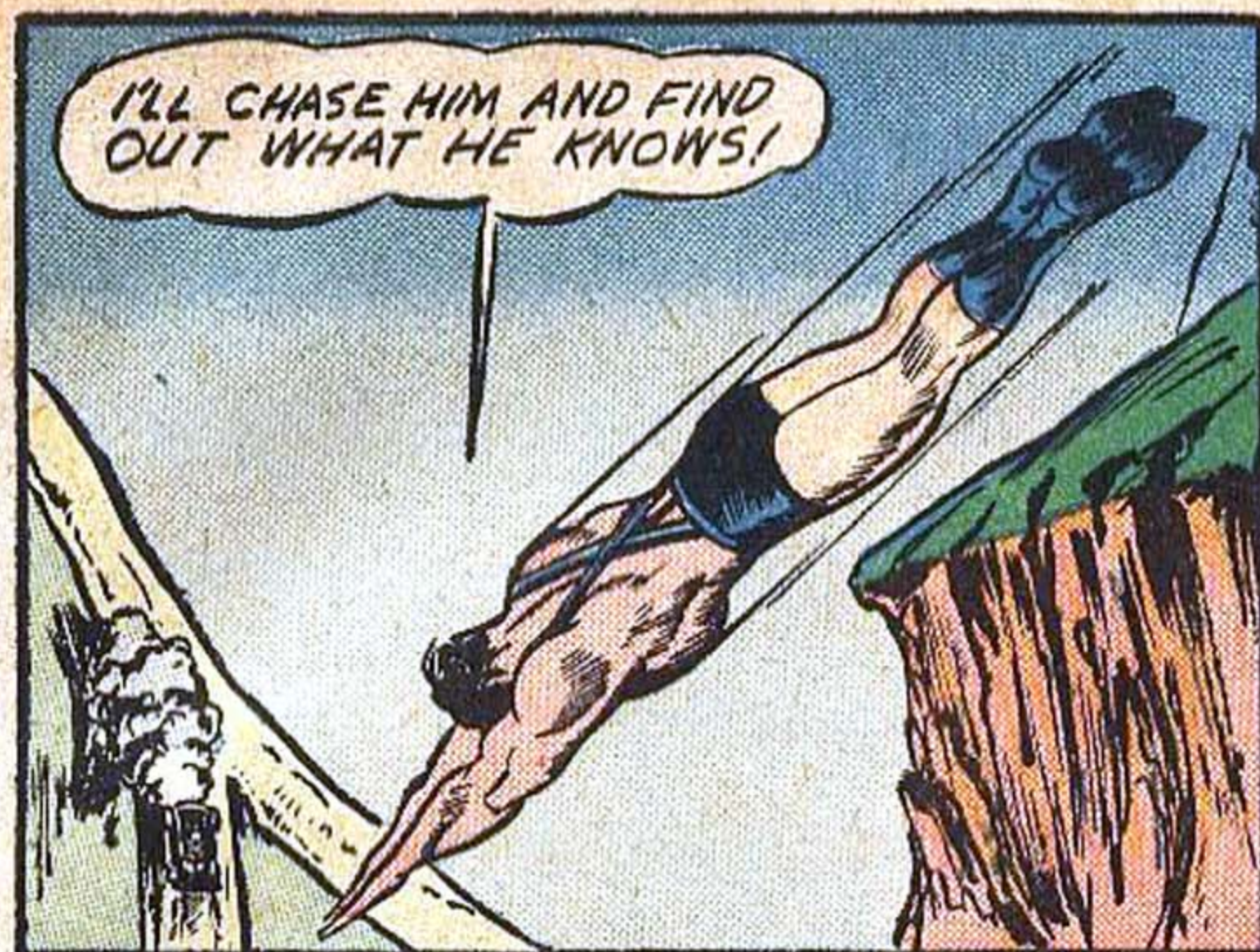
RITTER! SOMETHING
JUST HAPPENED AT
THE DAISY MAE!
YOU OUGHTA
KNOW ABOUT!

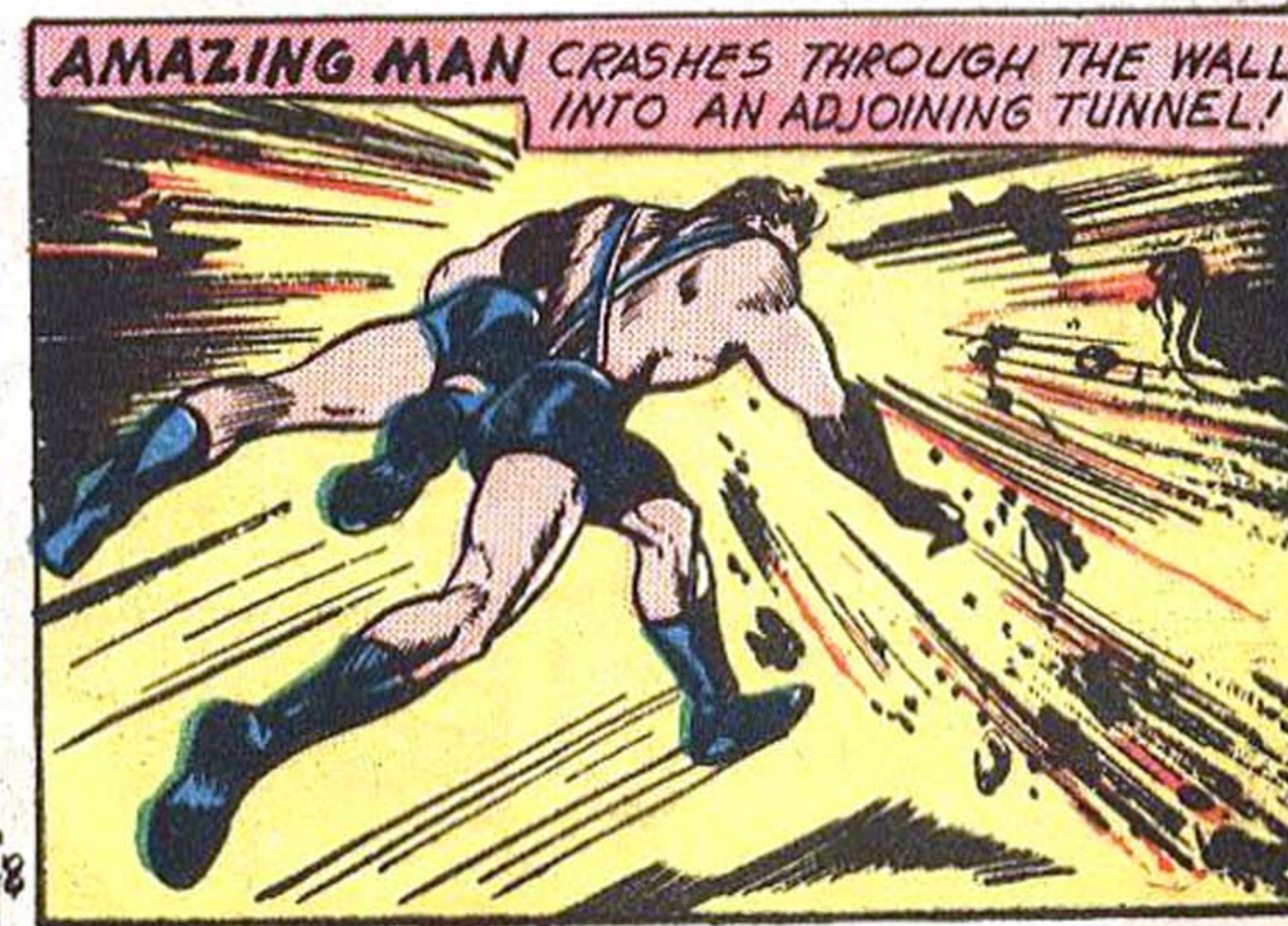
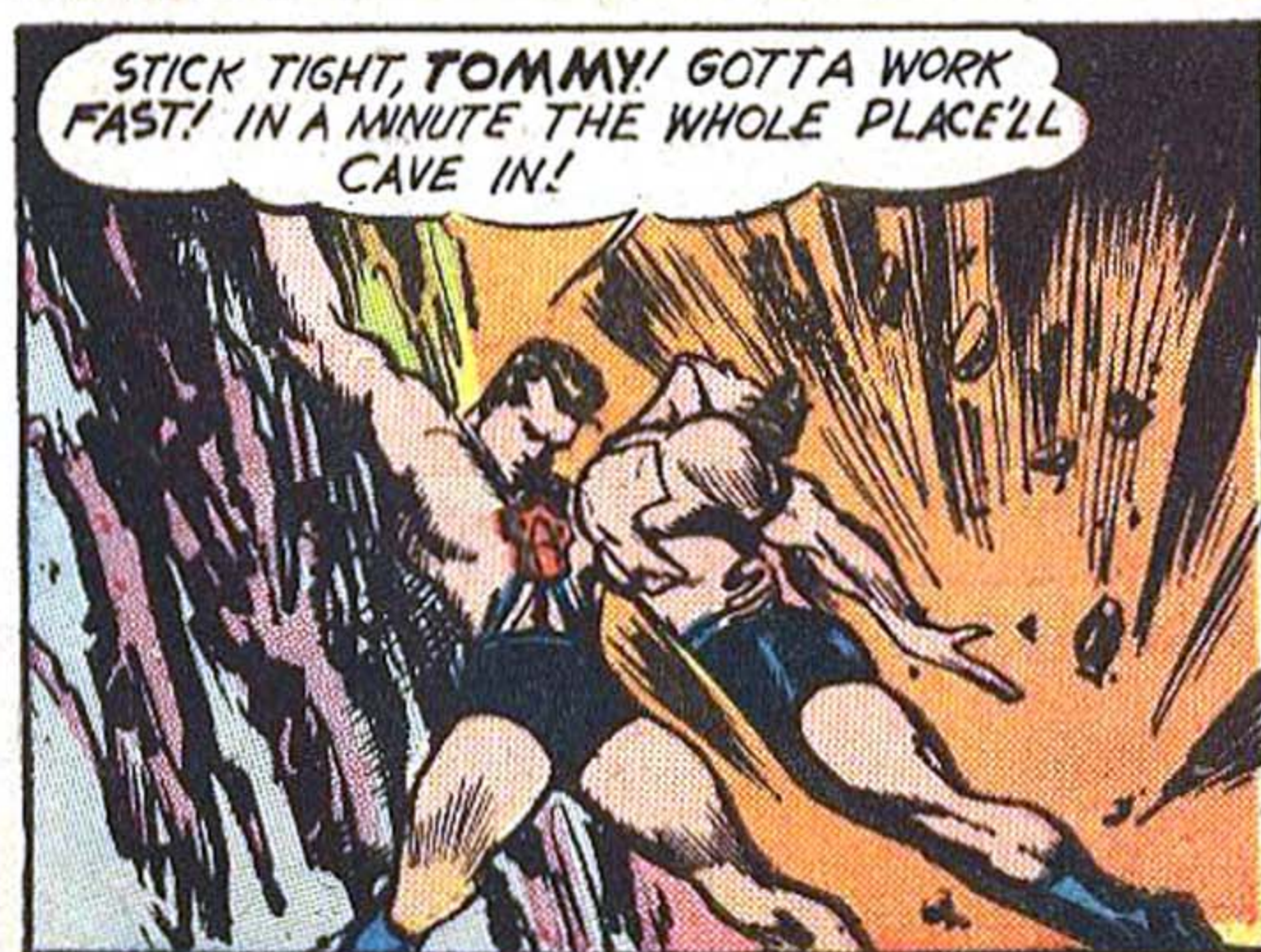
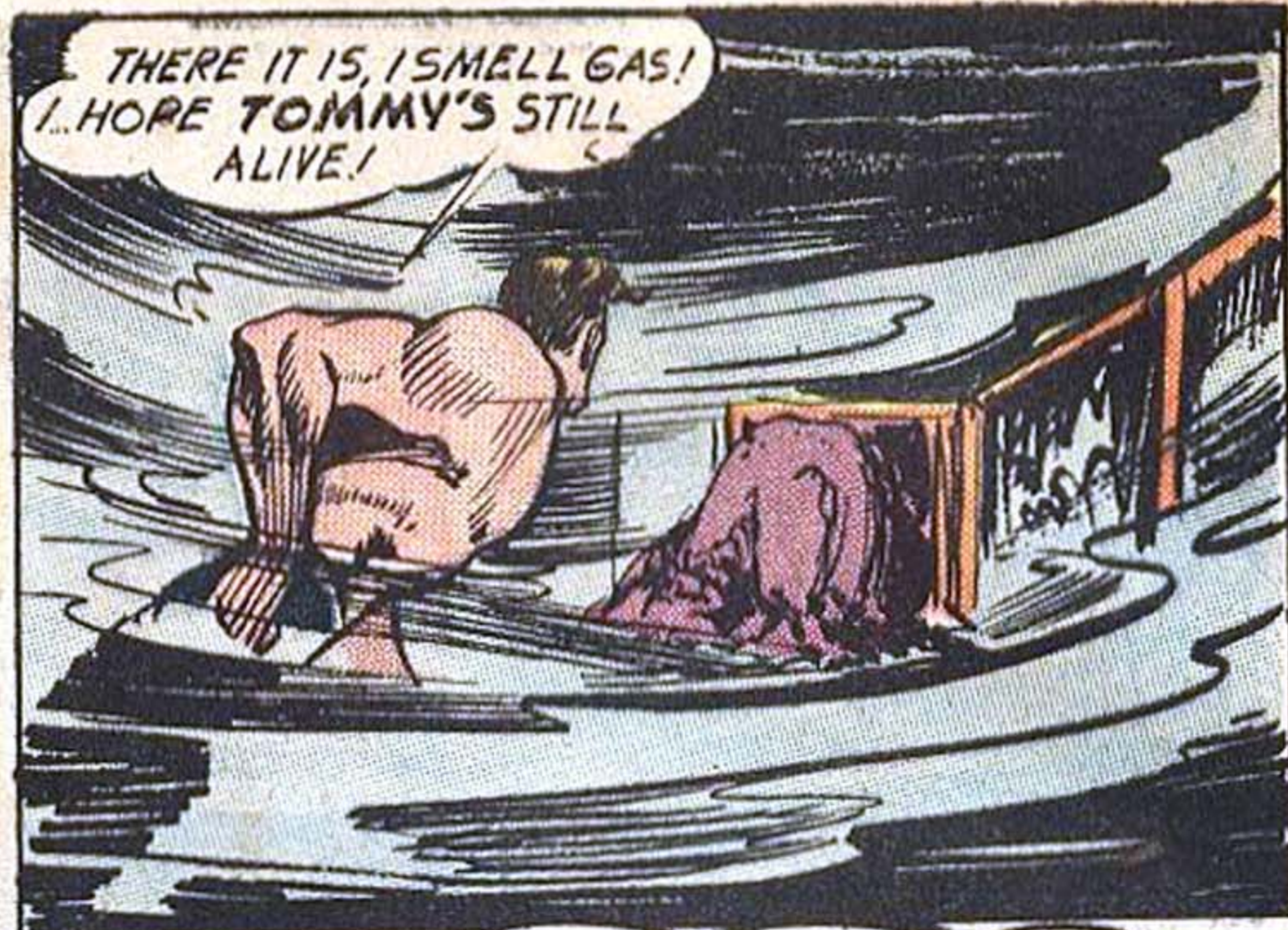
YEAH! WHAT
IS IT?

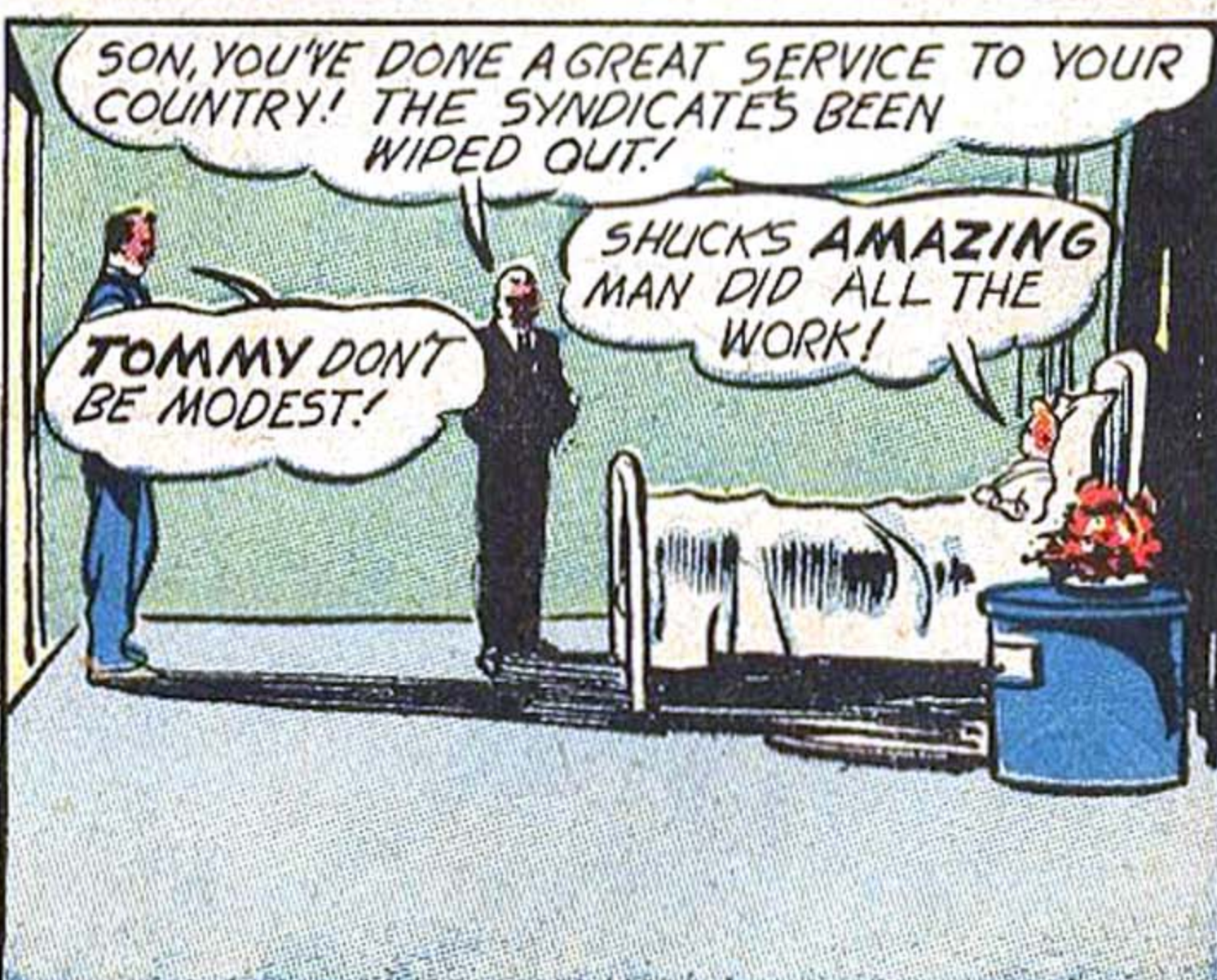
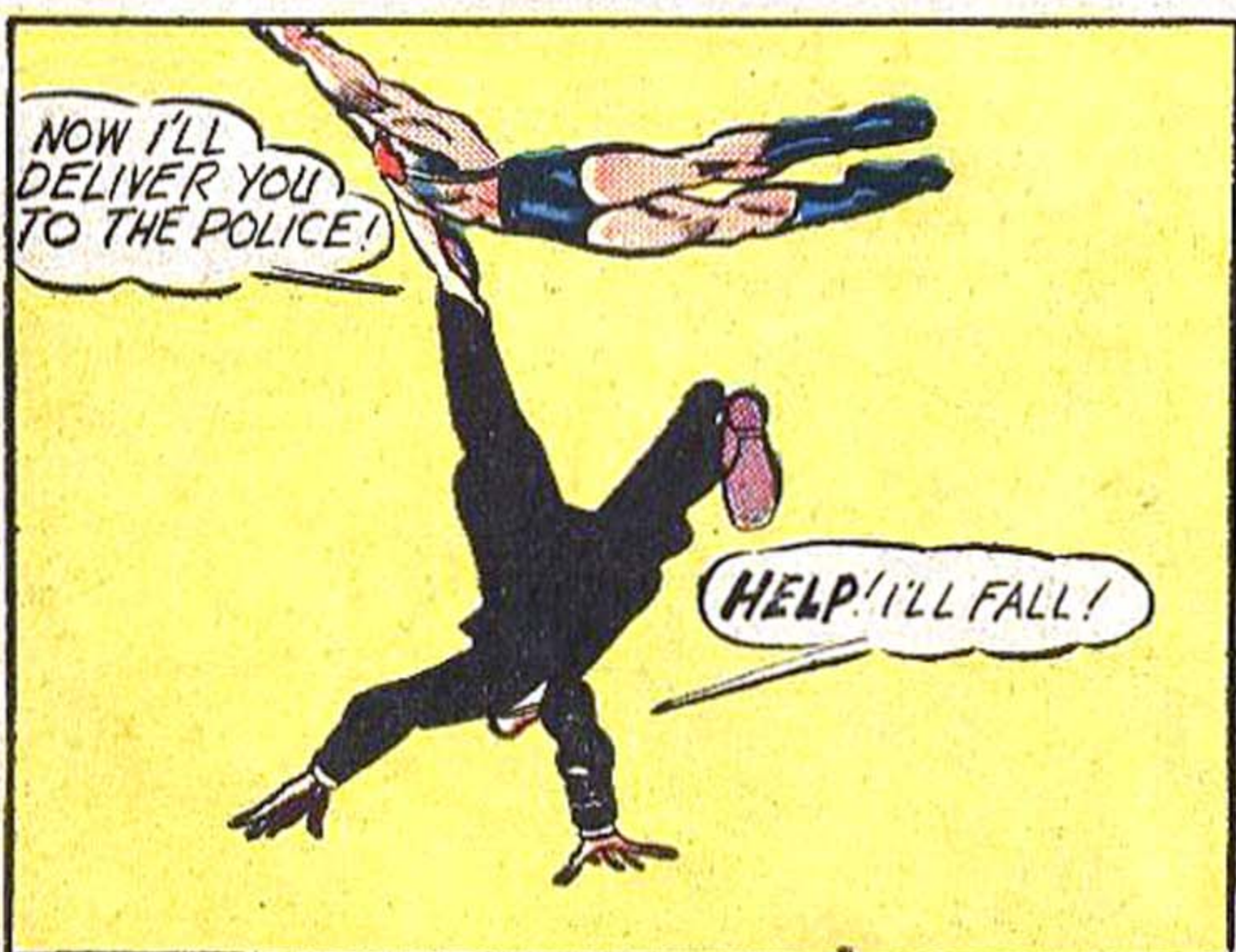
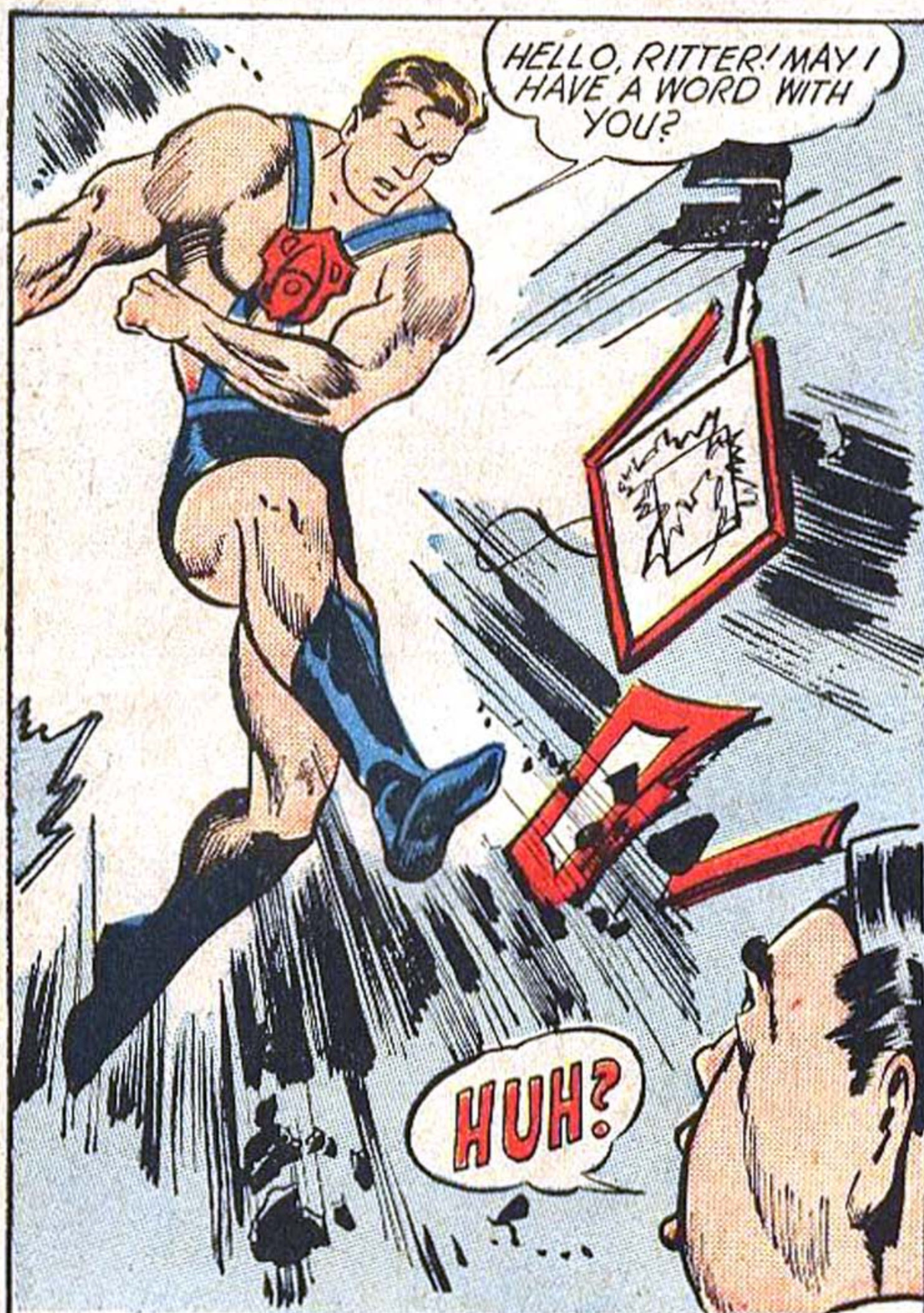












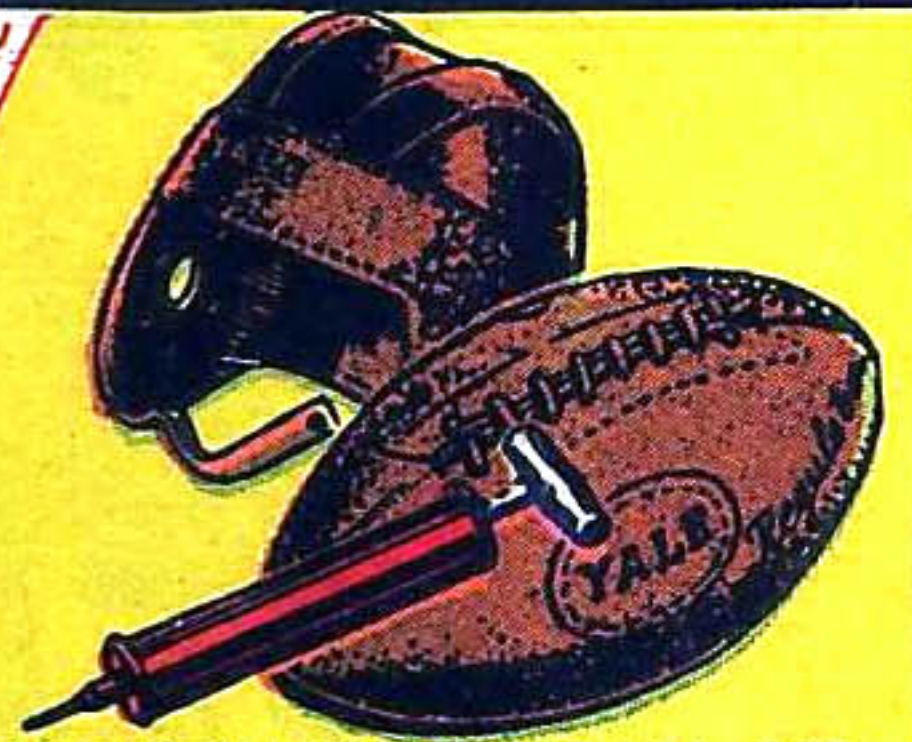
PRIZES! THEY'RE YOURS!



GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST!
Sell only one order and get a beautiful **WRIST WATCH**. Styles for boys, girls, men and women.



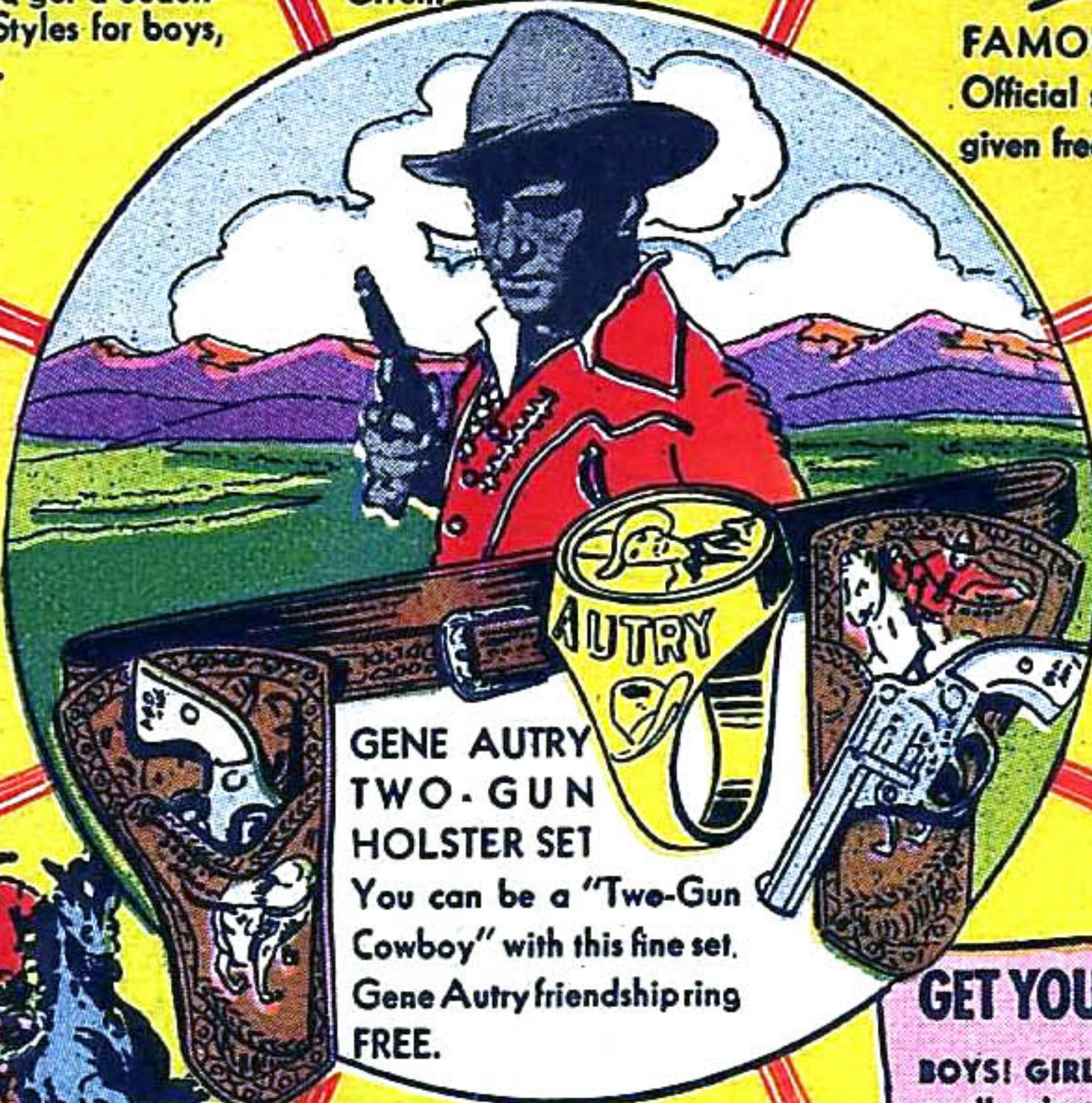
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Official size and weight. Pump given free.



MIDGET RADIO
Get this cute little radio for your room.



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You can be a "Two-Gun Cowboy" with this fine set. Gene Autry friendship ring **FREE**.



Girls! You'll love this full size **TOILET & MANICURE SET** for your dresser.

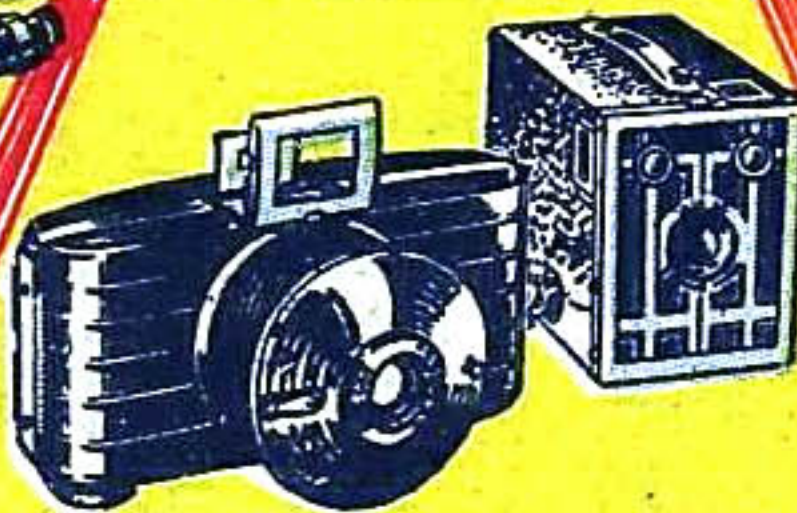
DAISY'S RED RYDER CARBINE

Red Ryder licensed by Stephen Slesinger, Inc. New York



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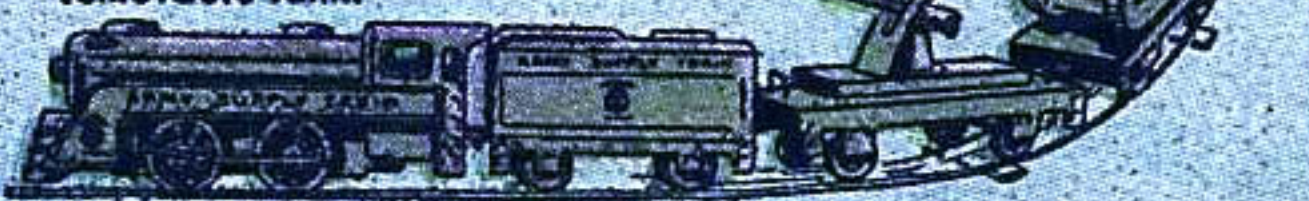


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